ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

VOL. VI.

The Two Hundred and Fifth Night.

A Continuation of the Story of the Amours of Prince Aboulhaſſan Ali Ebn Becar, *and* Schemſelnihar, *Favourite-Miſtreſs to the Califf* Haroun Alraſchid.

SIR, ſaid ſhe, upon the Jeweller's Enquiry of the Thieves, if they knew any thing of the young Man and the young Lady; they anſwered, be not concerned for them, they are ſafe enough, and in good Health; which ſaying, they ſhew'd him two Cloſets, where they aſſur'd him, they were ſeparately ſhut up. They added, we are inform'd you know only what relates to them, which we no ſooner came to underſtand, but we ſhew'd all imaginable Reſpect, and were ſo far from doing them any Injury, that we treated them with all the Kindneſs we were capable of on your Account. You may ſecure your ſelf of the like Favour, proceeded they, in regard to your own Perſon, and put all Manner of Confidence in us without the leaſt Reſerve.

The Jeweller being hearten'd at this, and overjoy'd to hear that the Prince of *Perſia*, and *Schemſelnihar* were ſafe, reſolv'd to engage the Thieves yet farther in their Intereſt. For this Purpoſe he commended them, flatter'd them, and gave them a thouſand Benedictions. Gentlemen, ſaid he, I muſt confeſs I have not the Honour to know you, yet 'tis no ſmall Happineſs to me that I am not wholly unknown to you; and I can never be ſufficiently grateful for the Favours which that Knowledge has procur'd me at your Hands: Without mentioning ſo great an Act of Humanity as that I lately received from you, I muſt needs ſay, I'm fully perſwaded no Perſons in the World can be ſo proper to truſt a Secret with, and none ſo fit to undertake a great Enterprize, which you can beſt bring to a good Iſſue by your Zeal, Courage, and Intrepidity. In confidence of theſe great and good Qualities, which are ſo much your Due, I will not ſtick to relate to you my whole Hiſtory, with that of thoſe two Perſons you found in my Houſe.

After the Jeweller had thus ſecured, as he thought, the Thieves Secrecy, he made no Scruple to relate to them the whole Amour of the Prince of *Perſia* and *Schemſelnihar*, from the Beginning of it to the Time he received them into his Houſe.

The Thieves were greatly aſtoniſhed at the ſurprizing Particulars they heard, and could not forbear crying out, How! Is it poſſible that that young Man ſhould be the Illuſtrious *Ali Ebn Becar*, Prince of *Perſia*, and the young Lady the Fair and celebrated Beauty *Schemſelnihar*! The Jeweller aſſur'd them nothing was more certain, and that they needed not to think it ſtrange, that Perſons of ſo diſtinguiſh'd a Character ſhould not care for being known.

Upon this Aſſurance of their Quality, the Thieves went immediately, one after another, and threw themſelves at their Feet, imploring their Pardon, and begging them to believe, they would never have offered any Violence to their Perſons, had they but known who they were; and that ſeeing they did not, they would by their future Conduct do their beſt Endeavours to make ſome Recompence, at leaſt, for the Crime they had thus ignorantly committed. This ſaid, and having made profound Reverences, they turned to the Jeweller, and told him, they were heartily ſorry they could not reſtore to him all that had been taken from him, ſome Part being out of their Poſſeſſion: But as for what remained, if he would content himſelf with his Plate, it ſhould be forthwith put into his Hands.

The Jeweller was over-joy'd at the Favour was done him, and after the Thieves had deliver'd the Plate, they required of the Prince, *Schemſelnihar*, and him, to promiſe them upon Oath, that they would not betray them, and they would carry them to a Place, whence they might eaſily go to their reſpective Homes. The Prince, *Schemſelnihar*, and the Jeweller reply'd, they might ſafely rely on their Words, but ſince they deſired an Oath of them, they ſolemnly ſwore not to diſcover them ſo long as they were with them. With this the Thieves being ſatisfied, immediately ſet out upon performing their Promiſe.

By the Way, the Jeweller being concerned that he could not ſee the Confident, and the two Slaves, came up to *Schemſelnihar*, and begg'd her to inform him what was become of them She anſwer'd, ſhe knew nothing of them, and that all ſhe could tell him was, that ſhe was carry'd away from his Houſe, ferry'd over a River, and brought to the Place from whence they were juſt now come.

Schemſelnihar and the Jeweller had no further Diſcourſe, they found themſelves at the brink of a River, when the Thieves immediately took Boat and carried them to the other ſide.

Whilſt the Prince, *Schemſelnihar*, and Jeweller, were landing, they heard a Noiſe, as of Horſe Guards, that were coming towards them. The Thieves no ſooner perceiv'd the Danger, but they took their Oars, and were over on the other Side of the River in an Inſtant.

The Commander of the Brigade demanded of the Prince, *Schemſelnihar*, and the Jeweller, who they were, and whence they came ſo late? This frightened them ſo at firſt that they could not ſpeak; but at length the Jeweller found a Tongue, and ſaid, Sir, I can aſſure you, we are very honeſt People, and that thoſe Rogues who have juſt landed us, and are got to the other Side of the Water, are Thieves, who having laſt Night broke open the Houſe that we were in, pillag'd it, and afterwards carry'd us to an obſcure Inn, where, by ſome Intreaty and good Management, we prevailed on them to let us have our Liberty; to which End they brought us hither. They have reſtor'd us Part of the booty they had taken from us———At which Words he ſhew'd the Plate he had recover'd,

The Commander not being ſatisfy'd with what the Jeweller had told him, came up to him and the Prince of *Perſia*, and looking ſtedfaſtly at them, ſaid, tell me truly, who is this Lady? How came you to know her, and where abouts do you live?

This Demand ſurpriz'd them ſtrangely, and ty'd their Tongues, inſomuch that neither of them could anſwer; till, at length, *Schemſelnihar* taking the Commander aſide, told him frankly who ſhe was; which he no ſooner came to know, but he alighted, paid both her and the Company great Reſpect, and cauſed two Boats to be got ready for their Service.

When the Boats were come, he put *Schemſelnihar* into one, and the Prince of *Perſia* and Jeweller into the other, with two of his People in each Boat: They had Orders to accompany them whitherſoever they were bound. Being aboard, the two Boats took different Routs, but we ſhall at preſent ſpeak only of that wherein was the Prince and Jeweller.

The Prince, to ſave his Guides Trouble, bad them land the Jeweller with him, and nam'd the Place whither he would go. The Guides miſtaking his Orders, ſtopp'd juſt before the Califf's Palace, which put both him and the Jeweller into a mortal Fright, tho' he durſt diſcover nothing of the Matter; for, although they had heard the Commander's Orders to his Men, they could not help imagining they were to be deliver'd up to the Guard, to be brought before the Califf next Morning.

This nevertheleſs was not the Intention of the Guides, for after they had landed them, they, by their Maſter's Command, recommended them to an Officer of the Guard, who next Morning aſſigned them Soldiers to conduct them by Land to the Prince's *Chateau*, which was at ſome Diſtance from the River.

The Prince being come Home, what with the Fatigue of his Journey, and the Affliction he conceived being never likely to ſee *Schemſelnihar* more, fell in a Swoon on his Sopha, whom while the greateſt Part of his Servants were endeavouring to recover, the other Part gathered about the Jeweller, and begg'd of him to tell them what had happened to the Prince, their Lord, whoſe Abſence had occaſion'd them ſuch inexpreſſible Diſquiet.

Here *Sheherazade* ſtopp'd, becauſe the Day began to appear, but next Night reſum'd her Diſcourſe to the Sultan in the following Manner.

The Two Hundred and Sixth Night.

SIR, I told your Majeſty laſt Night, that whilſt the greateſt Part of the Prince's Domeſticks were endeavouring to recover him from his Swoon, others of them were got about the Jeweller, deſiring to know what had happened to their Lord. The Jeweller, who was ſure to diſcover nothing to them that was not convenient for them to know, told them, that was not a Time for ſuch a Relation, and that they would do better to go and aſſiſt their Prince, than require any ſuch Thing of him, at that Juncture eſpecially. The Prince by good Fortune came to himſelf that very Moment, when thoſe that but juſt before requir'd this Hiſtory, with ſo much Earneſtneſs, began now to get at a Diſtance, and pay that Reſpect was due from them.

Although the Prince had in ſome Meaſure recovered himſelf, yet he continued ſo weak, he could not open his Mouth. He anſwer'd only by Signs, and that even to his neareſt Relations that ſpoke to him. He remain'd in the ſame Condition 'till next Morning, when the Jeweller came to take Leave of him. His Anſwer was only with a Wink, and holding forth his Right Hand; but when he ſaw he was laden with the Bundle of Plate the Thieves had taken from him, he made a Sign to his Servants, that they ſhould take it, and carry it along with him to his Houſe.

The Jeweller had been expected Home with great Impatience by his Family, the Day he went forth with a Man that came to aſk for him, and whom he did not know;

but now he was quite given over, and it was no longer doubted but ſome fatal Diſaſter had befallen him. His Wife, Children and Servants were under continual Grief, and lamented him almoſt Night and Day: But at length, when they came to ſee him again, their Joy was ſo great they could hardly contain themſelves; yet they were ſtill troubled, to find that his Countenance was extreamly altered from what it had been before, inſomuch that he was hardly to be known. This was thought to have been occaſion'd by his great Fatigue, and the Fears he had undergone, which would not let him ſleep. Finding himſelf ſomething out of Order, he continu'd within Doors for two Days, and would admit only of his intimate Friends to viſit him.

The third Day perceiving himſelf ſomewhat better, he thought he might get Strength by going abroad; and therefore went to the Shop of a rich Friend of his, with whom he continued long in Diſcourſe. As he was riſing to go Home, he obſerv'd a Woman that made a Sign to him, and whom he preſently knew to be the Confident of *Schemſelnihar*. Partly out of Fear, and partly through Joy, he made what haſte he could away, without looking at her; but ſhe followed him, as he very well knew ſhe would, the Place they ſaw each other in being by no Means proper for their Interview. As he walk'd a little faſter than ordinary, ſhe not being able to over-take him, every now and then called out to him to ſtay. He heard her, 'tis true, but after what had happened, he did not think fit to take Notice of her in Publick, for fear of giving Cauſe to believe that he had been with *Schemſelnihar*. In ſhort, 'twas known to every body in *Bagdad*, that this Woman belong'd to her, and therefore he thought it but Prudence to conceal his having any Knowledge of her. He continued the ſame Pace, and at length came to a *Moſque*, where he knew but few People came: There he entered, and ſhe after him, whereby they had a long Converſe together, without any body's over-hearing them.

Both the Jeweller and Confident expreſſed a great deal of Joy for ſeeing each other, after the ſtrange Adventure occaſioned by the Thieves, and their reciprocal Concern for each other's Welfare, without mentioning a Word of what related to their own particular Perſons.

The Jeweller would needs have her relate to him, how ſhe eſcap'd with the two Slaves, and what ſhe knew of *Schemſelnihar* from the Time he had left her; but ſo great were her Importunities to know from him what had happen'd to him, from the Time of their unexpected Separation, that he found himſelf oblig'd to comply with her. Having finiſhed what ſhe had deſir'd, he told her, he expected ſhe would oblige him in her Turn, which ſhe did in the following Manner.

When firſt I ſaw the Thieves, ſaid ſhe, I imagin'd, before I rightly conſider'd that they were of the *Califf's* Guard, who being inform'd of the Eſcape of *Schemſelnihar*, had ſent them to take away the Lives of the Prince, and us all; but being convinced of the Error of that Thought, I immediately got up to the Leads of your Houſe, at the ſame Time that the Thieves enter'd the Chamber where the Prince and *Schemſelnihar* were, and was ſoon after follow'd by that Lady's two Slaves. From Leads to Leads, we came at laſt to a Houſe of very honeſt People, who received us with a great deal of Civility, and with whom we lodged that Night.

Next Morning, after we had returned Thanks to the Maſter of the Houſe for our good Uſage, we return'd to *Schemſelnihar*'s Hotel, where we enter'd in great Diſorder, and the rather, becauſe we could not learn the Fate of the two unfortunate Lovers. The other Women of *Schemſelnihar* were aſtoniſh'd to ſee me return without their Lady. We told them we had left her at a Lady's Houſe, one of her Friends, and that ſhe would ſend for us when ſhe had a Mind to come Home; with which Excuſe they ſeem'd well ſatisfy'd.

For my Part, I ſpent the Day in great uneaſineſs, and when Night came, opening a little Back-gate, I ſpy'd a Boat driven along by the Stream. Calling to the Waterman, I deſir'd him to row up the River, and ſee if he could not meet a Lady, and if he found her, to bring her along with him. The two Slaves and I waited impatiently for his Return, and at length about Midnight we ſaw the Boat coming down with two Men in it, and a Woman lying along in the Stern. When the Boat was come up, the two Men help'd the Woman to riſe, and then it was I knew her for *Schemſelnihar*. I rejoyc'd ſo greatly to ſee her, that my Joy cannot be expreſt.

Here *Scheherazade* ended her Diſcourſe for this Night, intending to take it up again the Night following, when ſhe told the Sultan,

The Two Hundred and Seventh Night.

SIR, we yeſternight left *Schemſelnihar*'s Confident in the *Moſque*, telling her Story to the Jeweller from the Time they had been parted, and with all the Circumſtances of *Schemſelnihar*'s Return to her Hotel: She proceeded thus;

I gave, ſaid ſhe, my Hand to *Schemſelnihar* to help her out of the Boat; ſhe had no ſmall Occaſion for my Aſſiſtance, for ſhe could hardly ſtand. When ſhe was aſhore, ſhe whiſper'd me in the Ear, in an afflicted Tone, and bad me go and take a Purſe of 1000 Pieces of Gold, and give it to the Soldiers that had waited on her. I did as I was commanded, leaving her to be ſupported by the two Slaves; and having paid the Waterman, ſhut the Backdoor.

I then follow'd my Lady, who was hardly got up to her Chamber, before I overtook her. We undreſs'd her, and put her to Bed, where ſhe had not long been, before ſhe was ready to give up the Ghoſt; in which Condition ſhe continued the Remainder of the Night. The Day following, her other Women expreſs'd a great Deſire to ſee her; but I told them ſhe had been greatly fatigu'd, and wanted Reſt to reſtore her to her Strength. We neverthleſs, (the two other Women and I) gave her all the Aſſiſtance we poſſibly could, and ſhe could reaſonably expect. She perſiſted in taking nothing down, which we offer'd her; and we muſt have deſpair'd of her Life, if I had not at laſt perſwaded her to drink a Spoonful or two of Wine, which had a ſenſible Effect on her. By meer Importunity, we at length prevail'd on her to eat alſo.

When ſhe came to the Uſe of her Speech, for ſhe had hitherto only mourn'd, groan'd, and ſigh'd, I begg'd of her to tell me how ſhe had eſcap'd out of the Hands of the Thieves. Why ſhould you require of me, ſaid ſhe, with a profound Sigh, what will but renew my Grief? Would to God the Thieves had taken away my Life, rather than preſerv'd it, ſince thereby my Misfortunes would have had an End; whereas I now do but live to encreaſe my Torments.

Madam, reply'd I, I beg you would not refuſe me this Favour. You cannot but know, that unhappy People have a certain, I know not what, Conſolation in venting their Misfortunes; and if you would but be pleaſed to relate yours, I doubt not but you'd find ſome Relief in it.

Why then, ſaid ſhe, lend your Ear to a Story, the moſt afflicting that can be imagin'd. You muſt know, when I firſt ſaw the Thieves, entring with Sword in Hand, I believed that the laſt Moment of my Life; but dying did not then ſeem ſo ſhocking to me, ſince I thought I was to die with the Prince of *Perſia*. However, inſtead of murdering, two of the Thieves were order'd to take care of us, whilſt their Companions were buſied in packing up the Goods they found in the Houſe. When they had done, and got their Bundles upon their Backs, they went away, and carried us along with them.

As we went, one of thoſe that had the Charge of us, demanded of me briskly who I was? I anſwer'd I was a Dancer. He put the ſame Queſtion to the Prince, who reply'd he was a Shopkeeper.

When they come to the Place whither they were going, I had new Fears came upon me; they gather'd about us, and after having conſider'd well my Habit, and the rich Jewels I was adorn'd with, they ſeem'd to doubt I had diſguis'd my Quality. Dancers, quoth they, do not uſe to be dreſt as you are. Pray tell us truly who you are?

When they ſaw I anſwer'd nothing, they ask'd the Prince once more who he was, for they told him, they plainly perceiv'd he was not the Perſon he pretended to be. He did not ſatisfy them much more than I had done; he only told them to ſee the Jeweller, who was the Owner of that Houſe where they found him.

I know this Jeweller, ſaid one of the Rogues, who ſeem'd to have ſome Authority over the reſt, I have ſome Obligations to him which yet he knows nothing of, and I take upon me to bring him hither to morrow Morning, from another Houſe he has, but you muſt not expect, continnu'd he, to ſtir 'till he comes and tells us who you are, though in the mean Time I promiſe you there ſhall be no manner of Injury offer'd to you.

The Jeweller was brought next Morning as he ſaid, who thinking to oblige us, as he really did, declar'd to the Rogues the whole Truth of the Matter. The Thieves no ſooner knew who we were, but they came and ask'd my Pardon, and I believe did the like to the Prince, who was ſhut up in another Room. They proteſted to me, they would not have broke open the Jeweller's Houſe, had they but known whoſe it was. They ſoon after took us, (the Prince, the Jeweller, and my ſelf) and carry'd us to the River's Side, where having put us aboard the Boat, they row'd us croſs the Water; but we were no ſooner landed, than a Party of the Horſe-guard came up to us.

The Rogues fled; I took the Commander aſide, and told him my Name, telling him withal, that the Night before, I had been ſeiz'd by Robbers, who forc'd me along with them; but having been told who I was, releas'd me, and the two Perſons he ſaw with me, on my Account. He alighted and paid his Reſpects to me; and after having expreſs'd a great deal of Joy for being able to oblige me, he cauſed two Boats to be brought, putting me and two of his Soldiers, whom you have ſeen, into one, and the Prince and Jeweller, with two others into the other. My Guides have conducted me hither, but what is become of the Prince and his Friend I cannot tell.

I truſt in Heaven, added ſhe, with a Shower of Tears, no harm has happen'd to them ſince our Separation; and I do not doubt, but the Prince's Concern for me, is equal to mine for him. The Jeweller, to whom we have been ſo much oblig'd, ought to be recompenc'd for the Loſs he has ſuſtain'd on our Account. Do not you therefore fail, quoth ſhe, (ſpeaking to the Confident) to take two Purſes of 1000 Pieces of Gold in each, and carry them to him to morrow Morning in my Name, and at the ſame Time, be ſure to enquire after the Prince's Welfare.

When my good Miſtreſs had done ſpeaking, I endeavour'd, as to the laſt Article of enquiring into the Prince's Welfare, to calm her Mind, which was in ſome Diſorder, and to perſwade her not to yield ſo much to Love, ſince the Danger ſhe had but lately eſcap'd, would be ſoon brought on again by ſuch an Indulgence. She bad me hold my Tongue, and do what ſhe had commanded me.

I was oblig'd to be ſilent, and am come hither to obey her Commands, without any farther Scruple. I have been at your Houſe, and not finding you at Home, was about to have gone to wait on the Prince of *Perſia*, but did not dare to attempt ſo great a Journey. I have left the two Purſes with a particular Friend of mine, and if you'll have but Patience, I'll go and fetch them immediately.

Scheherazade perceiving the Day begin to approach was fain to be ſilent here: She however continued the ſame Story the Night following; and ſaid to the *Sultan*,

The Two Hundred and Eight Night.

SIR, the Confident return'd quickly to the Jeweller in the *Moſque*, where ſhe had left him. She gave him the two Purſes, and bad him accept them for her Lady's ſake. They are much more than is neceſſary, ſaid the Jeweller, and I can never be enough thankful for ſo great a Preſent from ſo good, and generous a Lady; but I beſeech you to acquaint her on my behalf, that I ſhall preſerve an eternal Remembrance of her Bounties. He then agreed with the Confident, that ſhe ſhould find him at the firſt Place ſhe had ſeen him at, whenever ſhe had Occaſion to impart any Commands from *Schemſelnihar*, or know any Thing of the Prince of *Perſia*: And ſo they parted.

The Jeweller return'd Home very well ſatisfied, not only that he had got wherewithal plentifully to make up his Loſſes, but alſo to think that no Perſon in *Bagdad* could poſſibly come to know of the Prince and *Schemſelnihar*'s being in his other Houſe when it was robb'd. 'Tis true, he had acquainted the Thieves with it, but their Secrecy he thought he might very well depend on, eſpecially in this Particular, They, he imagined, had not ſufficient Converſe in the World to give him any Diſturbance. He therefore hugg'd himſelf in his good Fortune, pay'd his Debts, and furniſh'd both his Houſes to a Nicety. Thus he forgot all his paſt Danger, and next Morning ſet out to wait on the Prince of *Perſia*.

The Prince's Domeſticks told the Jeweller at his Arrival, that he came in a very good Time, to make their

Lord ſpeak, for they had not been able to get a Word out of him, ever ſince he was there laſt. They introduc'd him ſoftly into his Chamber, and he found him in ſuch a Condition, as rais'd his Pity. He was lying upon his Bed, with his Eye-lids ſhut; but when the Jeweller ſaluted him, and exhorted him to take Courage, he faintly open'd his Eyes, and look'd upon him with ſuch an Aſpect, as ſufficiently declar'd the Greatneſs of his Affliction. He nevertheleſs took and graſp'd him by the Hand, to teſtify his Friendſhip, and told him in a faint and weak Tone, that he was extreamly oblig'd to him, for coming ſo far to ſeek one that was ſo exceedingly unhappy and miſerable.

My Lord, reply'd the Jeweller, mention not, I beſeech you, any Obligations you have to me; I could wiſh with all my Soul, the good Offices I have endeavour'd to do you, had had a better Effect: But at preſent, let's diſcourſe only of your Health, which I fear you greatly injure, by an unreaſonable abſtaining from proper Nouriſhment.

The Prince's Servants hearing the Jeweller ſay this, took Occaſion to let him know, it was with the greateſt Difficulty they had prevail'd on him, to take in even the ſmalleſt Matter; and that for ſome Time he had taken nothing at all. This oblig'd the Jeweller to beg of the Prince to let his Servants bring him ſomething to eat, which Favour he obtain'd with much Interceſſion.

After the Prince had eaten more largely than he had hitherto done, through the Perſwaſion of the Jeweller, he commanded his Servants to quit the Room, and leave him alone with his Friend. When the Room was clear, he ſaid, in Conjunction with my Misfortune that diſtracts me, I have been exceedingly concern'd to think of what you have ſuffer'd on my Account; and as it is but juſt I ſhould make you what Recompence I can, ſo I ſhall be ſure to take the firſt Occaſion of doing it: However, at preſent, begging only your Pardon a thouſand Times, I muſt conjure you to tell me whether you have learnt any thing to *Schemſelnihar*, ſince I had the Misfortune to be parted from her.

Here the Jeweller, upon the Confident's Information, related to him all that he knew of *Schemſelnihar*'s Arrival at her Hotel, her State of Health from the Time he had left her; and how ſhe had ſent her Confident to him, to enquire after his Highneſs's Welfare.

To all this, the Prince reply'd only with Sighs and Tears: Then he made an Effort to get up, and being aſſiſted by the Jeweller, made ſhift to riſe. Being upon his Legs, he call'd his Servants, and made them open his Ward-robe, whither he went in Perſon; and having caus'd ſeveral Bundles of rich Goods and Plate to be pack'd up, he order'd them to be carry'd to the Jeweller's Houſe.

The Jeweller would fain have withſtood this kind Offer; but although he repreſented, that *Schemſelnihar* had already made him more than ſufficient Amends for what he had loſt, the Prince would be obey'd. The Jeweller thought himſelf oblig'd to make all poſſible Acknowledgments, and proteſted how much he was confounded at his Highneſs's Liberality. [illegible] would then have taken his Leave, but the Prince would not let him, and ſo they paſſed away in Diſcourſe good part of the Night.

Next Morning the Jeweller waited on the Prince again, before he went away, but he would not let him ſtir: He muſt firſt ſit down and hear what he had to ſay to him. You know, ſaid he, there's an End propoſed in all Things: Now the End the Lover propoſes, is to enjoy the beloved Object in ſpite of all Oppoſition. If he loſes that Hope, he muſt not think to live. You alſo know this is my hard Caſe, for when I had been twice at the very Point of fulfilling my Deſires, I was all of a ſudden torn from what I lov'd in the moſt cruel Manner imaginable: I had then no more to do, but to think of Death; and I had certainly proved my own Executioner, but that our holy Law forbids us to be Suicides: But there's no need of ſuch violent Means; Death will ſoon do its own Work, in a ſure, though gentle Method; I find myſelf in a manner gone, and that I have not long to wait the welcome Blow. Here he was ſilent, and vented the reſt of his Paſſion only in Groans, Sighs, Sobs, and Tears, which came from him in great abundance.

The Jeweller, who knew no better way of turning him from his Deſpair, than by bringing *Schemſelnihar* into his Mind, and giving him ſome Hopes of enjoying her, told him, he fear'd the Confident might be come from her Lady, and therefore thought not proper to ſtay any longer from Home. I'll let you go, ſaid the Prince, but conjure you, that if you ſee her, you recommend to her, to aſſure *Schemſelnihar*, that if I die, as I expect to do every Minute, I will bleſs her with my laſt Breath, and love her to the laſt Moment.

The Jeweller return'd home in Expectation of ſeeing the Confidant; and ſhe came ſome few Hours after, but all in Tears and in great Affliction. He ask'd her with great Earneſtneſs, what was the Matter? She anſwer'd, that *Schemſelnihar*, the Prince, her ſelf, and he, were all ruin'd. He demanded how? Hear the ſad News, ſaid ſhe, as it was told me juſt upon my entring our Hotel, after I had left you.

Schemſelnihar had, it ſeems, for ſome Fault, chaſtiſed one of the Slaves you ſaw with her in your other Houſe: The Slave enraged at the ill Treatment, ran preſently away, and finding the Gate open, went forth; ſo that we have juſt Reaſon to believe, ſhe has diſcovered all to an Eunuch of the Guard, who gave her Protection, as we have ſince heard.

But this is not all; the other Slave her Companion is fled too, and has taken Refuge in the Califf's Palace; ſo that we may well fear, ſhe has acted her part in this Diſcovery, for juſt as I came away, the Califf had ſent 20 of his Eunuchs for *Schemſelnihar*, and they had carried her to the Palace. I juſt found Means to come and tell you this, yet I fear no good will come of it; but above all, I recommend it to you as a Secret.

The Day, which began here to ſhew its Light, oblig'd *Scheherazade* to ſay no more, but ſhe continu'd the ſame Story the Night following.

The Two Hundred and Ninth Night.

SIR, ſaid ſhe, the Confidant added to what ſhe had ſaid before to the Jeweller, that it was convenient he ſhould go and acquaint the Prince with the whole Affair, to the end he might be ready on all Occaſions, and contribute what he was able to the Common Cauſe: Saying this, ſhe ran away in great haſte, without ſpeaking a Word more, or ſtaying for any Anſwer.

What Anſwer, however could the Jeweller have made in the deplorable Condition he was in? He ſtood ſtill as if he were Thunder-ſtruck, and had not a Word to ſay. He was, nevertheleſs, ſenſible that the Affair requir'd Expedition, and therefore immediately went to give the Prince an Account of it: He addreſs'd himſelf to him with an Air that ſufficiently ſhew'd the bad News he brought him. Prince, ſaid he, arm your ſelf with Courage, and Patience, and prepare to receive the moſt terrible Aſſault that ever was yet made on your Nature.

Tell me in few Words, ſaid the Prince, what it is I muſt prepare to receive; for if it be Death only I am both ready and willing to undergo it.

Then the Jeweller told him all that he had learnt from the Confidant. You ſee, continu'd he, your Deſtruction is inevitable if you delay. Up, riſe, ſave your ſelf by Flight, for the Time is precious. You of all Men muſt not expoſe your ſelf to the Anger of the Califf, and ſhould much leſs confeſs any thing in the midſt of Torments.

At theſe Words the Prince was almoſt ready to expire through Grief, Affliction and Fear; however he recovered himſelf, and demanded of the Jeweller what Reſolution he would adviſe him to take in this unhappy Conjuncture. The Jeweller told him he thought nothing more proper than that he ſhould immediately take Horſe, and haſte away towards *Anbar, that he might get thither with all convenient Speed. Take what Servants and Horſes you think neceſſary, continu'd he, and ſuffer me to eſcape with you.

The Prince ſeeing nothing more adviſeable, immediately gave Orders for ſuch an Equipage as would be leaſt troubleſome; ſo having put ſome Money and Jewels in his Pocket, and taken Leave of his Mother, he departed in Company of the Jeweller, and ſuch Servants as he had choſen.

They travell'd all that Day, and the Day following without ſtopping, 'till at length about the Dusk of the Evening,

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* Anbar *is a City on the* Tigris, 20 *Leagues below* Bagdad.

Evening, both their Horſes and ſelves being greatly fatigu'd, they alighted at an Inn to refreſh themſelves.

They had hardly ſat down before they found themſelves ſurrounded and aſſaulted by a huge Knot of Thieves. They defended their Lives for ſome time couragiouſly; but at length the Prince's Servants being all kill'd, both he and the Jeweller were obliged to yield at Diſcretion. The Thieves, however, ſpar'd their Lives, but after they had ſeiz'd on the Horſes and Baggage, they took away their Cloaths and left them naked.

Being in this Condition, and the Thieves gone from them, the Prince ſaid to the Jeweller, What is to be done, my Friend, in this Conjuncture? Had I not better, think you, have tarry'd in *Bagdad*, and undergone any Fate, rather than been reduc'd to this Extremity? My Lord, reply'd the Jeweller, it is the Decree of Heaven that we ſhould thus ſuffer. It has pleas'd God to add Affliction to Affliction, and we muſt not murmur at it, but receive his Chaſtiſements with Submiſſion. Let us ſtay no longer here, but go and look out for ſome Place where we may be concealed and relieved.

No, let me rather die, ſaid the Prince; for what ſignifies it, whether I die here or elſewhere; for die I know I muſt very ſhortly. It may be this very Minute that we are talking. *Schemſelnihar* is no more, and why ſhould I endeavour to live after ſhe is dead. The Jeweller at length prevail'd on him to go as he ſaid; and they had not gone far before they came to a *Moſque*, which being open, they enter'd it, and paſs'd there the Remainder of the Night.

At Day-break a ſingle Man came into the *Moſque*, to his Devotion. When he had ended his Prayer, and was turning to go out, he perceived the Prince and Jeweller, who were ſitting in a Corner to conceal themſelves. He came up to them, and after having ſaluted them with a great deal of Civility, ſaid, By what I perceive, Gentlemen, you ſeem to be Strangers.

The Jeweller anſwer'd, you are not deceived, Sir, we have been robb'd to Night in coming from *Bagdad*, and are retir'd hither for Shelter. If you can relieve us in our Neceſſities, we ſhould be very much oblig'd to you, for we know not any body here to make our Addreſſes to.

The Man anſwer'd, if you ſhall think fit to come along with me to my Houſe, I'll do what I can for you.

Upon this obliging Offer, the Jeweller turn'd to the Prince, and ſaid in his Ear, This Man, as far as I can perceive, Sir, does not know us; therefore we had better go with him than ſtay here to be expoſed to the Sight of ſomebody that may. Do as you pleaſe, ſaid the Prince, I am willing to be guided by your Diſcretion.

The Man obſerving the Prince and Jeweller conſulting together, thought they made ſome Difficulty to accept his Propoſition; wherefore he demanded of them if they were reſolved what to do. The Jeweller anſwer'd, we are ready to follow you whither you pleaſe; all that we make a Difficulty about, is to appear thus naked.

Let not that trouble you, ſaid the Man, we'll find wherewithal to cloath you, I warrant you; and they were no ſooner got to the Houſe, but he brought forth a very handſome Suit for each of them. Next, as he thought they muſt needs be very hungry, and have a mind to go to Bed, he had ſeveral Plates of Meat brought out to them by a Slave; but they eat little, eſpecially the Prince, who was ſo dejected and diſpirited, as gave the Jeweller Cauſe to fear he would die. Then they went to Bed, and their Hoſt left them to their Repoſe, but they were no ſooner laid, than the Jeweller was forc'd to call him again to aſſiſt at the Death of the Prince. He found him breath ſhort, and with Difficulty, which gave him juſt Reaſon to fear he had but few Minutes to live. Coming near him, the Prince ſaid, it is done, and I am glad you are by to be witneſs of my laſt Words. I quit this Life with a great deal of Satisfaction, but I need not tell you the Reaſon, for you know it too well already. All the Regret I have, is, that I cannot die in the Arms of my deareſt Mother, who has always lov'd me with a Tenderneſs not to be expreſs'd, and for whom I had a reciprocal Affection. She will undoubtedly not be a little griev'd that ſhe could not cloſe my Eyes, and bury me with her own Hands. But let her know how much I was concern'd at this, and deſire her in my Name to have my Corpſe tranſported to *Bagdad*, that ſhe may have an Opportunity to bedew my Tomb with her Tears, and aſſiſt my departed Soul with her Prayers. He then took Notice of the Maſter of the Houſe, and thank'd him for the ſeveral Favours he had receiv'd from him, deſiring him to let his Body be depoſited with him, 'till ſuch time as it ſhould be carry'd away to *Bagdad*. Having ſaid all this, he turn'd aſide and expir'd.

Scheherazade had juſt concluded her Story of this Prince's Death, when ſhe perceived the Day-light to appear, whereupon ſhe left off, and reſum'd her Diſcourſe the next Night as follows.

The Two Hundred and Tenth Night.

SIR, ſaid ſhe, next Day after the Prince's Death, the Jeweller took the Opportunity of a numerous *Caravan* that was going to *Bagdad*, and arriv'd there ſome time after in Safety. He firſt went home to change his Cloaths, and then haſten'd to the Prince's Palace, where everybody was ſurpriz'd to ſee their Lord was not come with him. He deſir'd them to acquaint the Prince's Mother, that he muſt needs ſpeak with her immediately; and it was not long before he was introduc'd to her, whom he found in a Hall, with ſeveral of her Women about her. Madam, ſaid he to her, with an Air that ſufficiently denoted his ill News; God preſerve your Highneſs, and ſhower down the choiceſt of his Bleſſings upon you. You cannot be ignorant that 'tis he alone who diſpoſes of us all at his Pleaſure.

The Princeſs could not give him leave to go on; but cry'd out, Alas! you bring me the deplorable News of my Son's Death. At which Words ſhe and her Women ſet up ſuch a hideous Out-cry, as ſoon brought freſh Tears into the Jeweller's Eyes. She thus tormented and griev'd herſelf a long while before ſhe would ſuffer the unfortunate Meſſenger to go on. However, at length ſhe gave a Truce to her Sighs and Groans, beg'd of him to continue the fatal Relation, without concealing from her the leaſt Circumſtance. He did as ſhe commanded; and when he had done, ſhe farther demanded of him, if her Son the Prince had not given him in Charge ſomething more particular. He aſſur'd her his laſt Words were, that it was of the greateſt Concern to him, that he muſt die ſo far diſtant from his dear Mother; yet he earneſtly entreated her, ſhe would be pleaſed to have his Corps tranſported to *Bagdad*. Accordingly next Morning at Day-break the Princeſs ſet out, with her Women, and great Part of her Slaves, to bring her Son's Body to her own Palace.

The Jeweller having taken leave of her, return'd Home very ſad and melancholy, to think he had loſt ſo good a Friend, and ſo accompliſh'd a Prince in the Flower of his Age.

As he came near his Houſe, dejected and muſing, on a ſudden lifting up his Eyes, he ſaw a Woman in Mourning and Tears, ſtanding before him. He preſently knew her to be the Confident, who had ſtood there grieving ſome Time that ſhe could not ſee him. At the Sight of her, his Tears began to flow afreſh, but he ſaid nothing to her, and going into his own Houſe, ſhe follow'd him.

They ſat down, when the Jeweller beginning the diſmal Diſcourſe, ask'd the Confident, with a deep Sigh, if ſhe had heard nothing of the Death of the Prince of *Perſia*, and if it was on his Account that ſhe griev'd; Alas! anſwer'd ſhe, What! is that charming Prince then dead? He has not liv'd long after his dear *Schemſelnihar*. Beauteous Souls! continu'd ſhe, in whatſoever Place ye now are, ye ought to be pleas'd that your Loves will no more be interrupted. Your Bodies were before an Obſtacle to your Wiſhes; but now being delivered of them, ye may unite as cloſely as ye pleaſe.

The Jeweller, who had heard nothing of *Schemſelnihar*'s Death, and had not obſerv'd the Confident was in Mourning, thro' his exceſſive Grief that blinded him, was now anew afflicted, to hear his farther bad News. Is *Schemſelnihar* then dead? cry'd he, out of a great Aſtoniſhment. She's dead, reply'd the Confident, weeping afreſh; and 'tis for her I wear theſe Weeds. The Circumſtances of her Death were extraordinary, continued ſhe, therefore 'tis but requiſite you ſhould know them: But before I give you an Account of them, I beg you to let me know thoſe of the Prince of *Perſia*, whom, in Conjunction with my deareſt Friend and Miſtreſs, I ſhall lament as long as I live.

The Jeweller then gave the Confident that Satisfaction ſhe deſir'd, and after he had told her all, even to the Departure of the Prince's Mother to bring her Son's Body to *Bagdad*; ſhe began and ſaid, You have not forgot, I ſuppoſe, that I told you the Califf had ſent for *Schemſelnihar* to his Palace; and 'tis true, as we had all the Reaſon in the

World to believe, he had been inform'd of the Amour betwixt her and the Prince, by the two Slaves, whom he had examin'd apart. Now you'll be apt to imagine he muſt of neceſſity be exceedingly enraged at *Schemſelnihar*, and diſcover'd many Tokens of Jealouſy and Revenge againſt the the Prince. But I muſt tell you, he had neither one nor the other, and lamented only his dear Miſtreſs's forſaking him, which he, in ſome Meaſure, attributed to himſelf, in giving her ſo much Freedom to walk about the City without his Eunuchs. This was all the Reſentment ſhe ſhew'd, as you will find by his Carriage towards her, as follows.

He received her with an open Countenance, and when he obſerv'd the Sadneſs ſhe was under, which nevertheleſs did not leſſen her Beauty, with a Goodneſs peculiar to himſelf, he ſaid, *Schemſelnihar*, I cannot bear your appearing thus before me with an Air of Affliction. You muſt needs be ſenſible how much I have always lov'd you, by the continual Demonſtrations I have given you of it; and I can never change my Mind, for even now I love you more than ever. You have Enemies, *Schemſelnihar*, proceeded he, and thoſe Enemies have done you all the Wrong they can. For this Purpoſe they have fill'd my Ears with Stories againſt you, which have not yet made the leaſt Impreſſion on me. Shake off then this Melancholy, continued he, and prepare to entertain your Lord this Night after your accuſtom'd Manner. He ſaid many other obliging Things to her, and then deſir'd her to ſtep into a magnificent Apartment, and ſtay for him.

The afflicted *Schemſelnihar* was very ſenſible of the Kindneſs of the Califf had for her; but the more ſhe thought herſelf obliged to him, the more ſhe was concern'd that ſhe was ſo far off from her Prince, without whom ſhe could not live, and yet ſhe was afraid ſhe could never ſee him more.

This Interview between the Califf and *Schemſelnihar*, continu'd the Confident, was whilſt I was come to ſpeak with you, and I learn'd the Particulars of it from my Companions who were preſent. But I had no ſooner left you, proceeded ſhe, than I went to my dear Miſtreſs again, and was Eye-witneſs to what happen'd afterwards. I found her in the Apartment I told you of; and as ſhe thought I came from you, ſhe came up to me, and whiſpering me in the Ear, ſaid, I am much oblig'd to you for the Service you have been doing me, but fear it will be the laſt. I took no Notice of her Words, and ſhe ſaid no more to me; but if I had had a mind to ſay any thing to comfort her, I was in a Place that was not proper for it.

The Califf was introduc'd at Night with the Sound of Inſtruments our Women play'd upon, and the Collation was immediately ſerv'd up. He took his Miſtreſs by the Hand, and made her ſit down by him on the *Sofa*; which ſhe did with that Regret, that ſhe expir'd ſome few Minutes after. In ſhort, ſhe was hardly ſet down, but ſhe fell backwards; which the Califf believed to be only a Swoon, and ſo we thought all; but when we endeavour'd to bring her to herſelf, we found ſhe was quite gone, which you may imagine not a little afflicted us.

The Califf did her the Honour to weep over her, not being able to refrain from Tears, and before he left the Room, ordered all the Muſical Inſtruments to be broke, which was immediately executed. For my part, I ſtay'd with her Corps all Night, and next Morning bath'd her with my Tears, and dreſs'd her for her Funeral. The Califf had her interr'd ſoon after in a magnificent Tomb, he had erected for her in her Life-time, in a Place ſhe had deſir'd to be bury'd in. Now ſince you tell me, ſaid ſhe, the Prince of *Perſia*'s Body is to be brought to *Bagdad*, I will uſe my beſt Endeavours, that he ſhall be interr'd in the ſame Tomb, which may be ſome Satisfaction at leaſt to two ſuch faithful Lovers.

The Jeweller was ſomewhat ſurpriz'd at this Reſolution of the Confident's, and ſaid: Certainly you do not conſider that this Enterprize is in a Manner impoſſible, for the Califf will be ſure never to ſuffer it. Do not you be concern'd at that, reply'd ſhe, for you'll undoubtedly be of another Opinion, after I have told you, that the Califf has given Liberty to all her Slaves in general, with a conſiderable Penſion to each for their Subſiſtence; and as to my Particular, has honour'd me with the Charge of my Miſtreſs's Tomb, and allotted me an annual Income for my Maintenance. Moreover, you muſt needs think, the Califf, who was not ignorant of the Amour between *Schemſelnihar* and the Prince as I have already told you, will not be a whit concern'd, if now after her Death he be bury'd with her. To all this the

Jeweller had not a Word to ſay, yet earneſtly intreated the Confident to conduct him to her Miſtreſs's Tomb, that he might ſay his Prayers over her. When he came in Sight of it, he was not a little ſurprized to find a vaſt Number of People of both Sexes, that were come thither from all Parts of *Bagdad*. By Reaſon he could not come near the Tomb, he ſaid his Prayers at a diſtance; and then going to the Confident, who was waiting hard by, he ſaid to her, I am altogether of a contrary Opinion to what I was juſt now, for now I am ſo far from thinking that what you propos'd cannot be put in Execution, that you and I need only tell abroad what we know of the Amour of this unfortunate Couple, and how the Prince died much about the ſame Time with his Miſtreſs, and is now bringing up to be buried; and the People will bring the Thing about, and not ſuffer that two ſuch faithful Lovers ſhould be ſeparated when dead, whom nothing could divide in Affection whilſt they liv'd. As he ſaid, ſo it came to paſs; for as ſoon as it came to be known that the Corps were within a Day's Journey of the City, the Inhabitants almoſt of all Sorts went forth, and met it above twenty Miles off; and afterwards march'd before it, 'till it came to the City Gate; where the Confident waiting for that Purpoſe, preſented her ſelf before the Prince's Mother, and begg'd of her in the Name of the whole City, that ſhe would be pleaſed to conſent that the Bodies of the two Lovers, who had but one Heart whilſt they liv'd, eſpecially during their Amour, might be bury'd in the ſame Tomb now they were dead. The Princeſs immediately conſented; ſo the Corps of the Prince, inſtead of being depoſited in his own Burying place, was laid by *Schemſelnihar*'s Side, after it had been carry'd along in Proceſſion at the Head of an infinite Number of People, of all Conditions and Degrees; nay, from that very Time, all the Inhabitants of *Bagdad*, and even Strangers, from ſuch Parts of the World as honour'd the *Mahometan* Religion, have had a mighty Veneration for that Tomb, and paid their Devotion at it, as often as Opportunity would give them Leave.

This, Sir, ſaid *Scheherazade*, who now perceiv'd the Day began to approach, is what I had to relate to your Majeſty concerning the Amour of the fair *Schemſelnihar*, Miſtreſs to the Califf *Haroun Alraſchid*, and the worthy *Ali Ebn Becar*, Prince of *Perſia*.

When *Dinarzade* obſerv'd her Siſter the Sultaneſs had done ſpeaking, ſhe thank'd her in the moſt obliging Manner, for her Entertainment in a Hiſtory ſo exceedingly agreeable. If the Sultan will be but pleas'd to let me live till to Morrow, ſaid *Scheherazade*, I will alſo relate that of Prince * *Camaralzaman*, which you will find yet more agreeable. Here ſhe ſtopp'd; and the Sultan, who could not yet reſolve on her Death, permitted her to go on next Night in the following manner.

The two Hundred and Eleventh Night.

NEXT Day before it was light, and before ſhe had been awak'd after the uſual Manner by her Siſter, *Scheherazade* related to the Sultan of the *Indies*, the Hiſtory of *Camaralzaman*, as ſhe had promis'd.

The Story of the Amours of Camaralzaman, *Prince of the Iſles of the Children of* Khaledan; *and of* Badoura, *Princeſs of* China.

SIR, ſaid ſhe, about twenty Days Sail on the Coaſt of *Perſia*, there are Iſlands in the Main Ocean, call'd, the Iſlands of the Children of *Khaledan*: Theſe Iſlands are divided into four great Provinces, which have all of them very flouriſhing and populous Cities, and which make together a moſt potent Kingdom. It is govern'd by a King nam'd † *Schahzaman*, who has four lawful Wives, all Daughters of Kings, and ſixty Concubines.

Schahzaman thought himſelf the moſt happy Monarch of the World, as well on Account of his peaceful and proſperous Reign. One Thing only diſturb'd his Happineſs; which

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* *This Word ſignifies in* Arabick, the Moon of the Time, *or* the Moon of the Age.

† *That is to ſay in* Perſian, King of the Time, or King of the Age.

which was, that he was pretty old, and had no Children, tho' he had ſo many Wives. He knew not what to attribute this Barrenneſs to; and what increas'd his Affliction was, that he was likely to leave his Kingdom without a Succeſſor. He diſſembled his Diſcontent a long while; and what made it yet more uneaſy to him was, that he was forc'd to diſſemble. However, at length he broke Silence, and one Day, after he had complain'd bitterly of his Misfortune to his Grand Vizier, he demanded of him, if he knew any Remedy for it.

The wiſe Miniſter reply'd, If what your Majeſty requires of me, had depended on the ordinary Methods of human Wiſdom, you had ſoon had an Anſwer to your Satisfaction, but as my Experience and Knowledge are not ſufficient to content you, I muſt adviſe you to have Recourſe to the Divine Power alone, who in the Midſt of our Proſperities, which often tempt us to forget him, is pleas'd ſo to limit our Diſcernment, that we may apply only to his Omniſcience for what we have occaſion to know. *Your Majeſty has Subjects,* proceeded he, *who make a Profeſſion of loving and honouring God, and ſuffering great Hardſhips for his ſake, to them I would adviſe you to have Recourſe, and engage them, by Alms, to join their Prayers with yours, it may be ſome among them may be ſo juſt and agreeable to God, as to obtain what they pray for.*

King *Schahzaman* approv'd this Advice very much, and thank'd his Vizier for it; he immediately cauſed rich Alms to be given to every *Monaſtery* in his Dominions; and having ſent for the Superiors, declared to them his Intention, and deſired them to acquaint their Monks with it.

The King, in ſhort, obtained of Heaven what he requeſted, for in nine Months Time he had a Son born of one of his Wives. In Return for his Favour, he ſent new Alms to the Religious Houſes, and the Prince's Birth-day was celebrated throughout his Dominions for a Week together. The Prince was brought to him as ſoon as born; and he found him ſo beautiful, that he gave him the Name of *Camaralzaman*, i. e. *The Moon of the Age*.

He was educated with all the Care imaginable; and when he came to be old enough, his Father appointed him a Governor and able Preceptors. Theſe diſtinguiſh'd Perſons found him capable of receiving all the Inſtructions were proper to be given him, as well in relation to Morals, as the other Knowledge a Prince ought to have. When he came to be ſomewhat older, he learn'd all his Exerciſes, which he acquitted himſelf of with that Grace and wonderful Addreſs, as charm'd all that ſaw him, and particularly the Sultan his Father.

Having obtain'd the Age of Fifteen Years, the Sultan, who lov'd him tenderly, thought of reſigning his Throne to him; and acquainted his Grand Vizier with his Intentions. I am afraid, ſays he, leſt my Son ſhould loſe thoſe Advantages in Youth, which Nature and my Education have given him; therefore ſince I am ſomewhat advanc'd in Age, and fit for a Retreat, I have had Thoughts of reſigning the Government to him, and paſſing the Remainder of my Days in the Satisfaction of ſeeing him reign. I have undergone the Fatigue of a Crown a long while, and think 'tis now proper for me to retire.

The Grand Vizier would not offer all the Reaſons he could have brought to diſſwade the Sultan, from ſuch a Proceeding; on the contrary, he agreed with him in ſome Meaſure. Sir, reply'd he, the Prince is yet but young, and it would not be, in my humble Opinion, wholly adviſeable to burden him with the Weight of a Crown ſo ſoon. Your Majeſty fears, with a great deal of Reaſon, his Youth may be corrupted: But then, to remedy that, does not your Majeſty likewiſe think it would be proper to marry him; Marriage being what would keep him within Bounds, and confine his Inclinations. Moreover your Majeſty might then admit him of your Council, where he would learn by Degrees the Art of reigning; and ſo be fit to receive your Power ſo ſoon as you ſhould think proper to beſtow it on him.

Schahzaman found this Advice of his Prime Miniſter highly reaſonable; therefore ſummon'd the Prince to appear before him, at the ſame time that he diſmiſs'd the Grand Vizier.

The Prince, who had been accuſtom'd to ſee his Father only at certain Times, was a little ſtartled at this irregular Summons; therefore, when he came before him, he ſaluted him with great Reſpect, and afterwards ſtood ſtill, with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground.

The Sultan perceiving his Surprize, ſaid to him in a mild Way: Do you know, Son, for what Reaſon I have ſent for you hither? Not I, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, anſwer'd the Prince, modeſtly; God alone knows how to penetrate Hearts: I ſhould be glad to know of your Majeſty for what Reaſon? Why, I ſent for you, ſaid the Sultan, to let you know I deſign to marry you: What do you think of it?

Prince *Camaralzaman* heard this with great Uneaſineſs; it quite diſmounted him, he was all in a Sweat, and knew not what Anſwer to make. After ſome few Moments he, however, reply'd; Sir, I beſeech your Majeſty to pardon me, if I ſeem'd ſurpris'd at the Declaration you have made to me: I did not expect any ſuch Propoſal to one ſo young as I am; and beſides, I know not whether I could ever prevail on my ſelf to marry, not only on Account of the Trouble Wives bring a Man, and which I am very ſenſible of, tho' unmarry'd, but alſo by reaſon of their many Impoſtures, Wickedneſſes, and Treacheries, which I have read of in Authors. It may be, I may not be always of the ſame Mind, yet I cannot but think, I ought to have Time to conclude on what your Majeſty requires of me.

Scheherazade would have gone on, but finding the Sultan begin to riſe, it being Day, ſhe deſiſted, and reſerv'd what ſhe had to ſay for the Night following; when ſhe reſum'd her Story, and ſaid,

The Two Hundred and Twelfth Night.

SIR, Prince *Camaralzaman*'s Anſwer extreamly afflicted his Father. He was not a little griev'd, to ſee what an Averſion he had to Marriage; yet would not call his Obedience in queſtion, nor make uſe of his Paternal Authority. He contented himſelf with telling him, he would not force his Inclinations; and gave him Time to conſider of what he propos'd to him; yet wiſh'd him to remember, that as a Prince, deſign'd to govern a great Kingdom, he ought to take ſome Care to leave a Succeſſor.

Schahzaman ſaid no more to the Prince; he admitted him into his Council, and gave him all the Reaſon to be ſatisfy'd that could be deſir'd. About a Year after, he took him aſide, and ſaid to him; Well, Son, have you thoroughly conſider'd of what I propos'd to you about marrying laſt Year? Will you ſtill refuſe me that Satisfaction I deſire, and let me die with ſeeing my ſelf revive in your Poſterity.

The Prince ſeem'd leſs aſtoniſh'd than before; he now briskly anſwer'd his Father as follows; Sir, I have not neglected to conſider of what you propos'd to me; and upon the whole Matter, I am reſolv'd to continue the State I am in, without concerning my ſelf with Marriage. In ſhort, Sir, the many Evils I have read Women have caus'd in the World, and the continual Miſchiefs I ſtill hear and obſerve they do, has been the Occaſion of my Reſolution, to have nothing to do with them; ſo that, Sir, I hope your Majeſty will pardon me, if I acquaint you 'twill be to no Purpoſe to ſollicit me any farther about that Affair. This ſaid, and making a low Reverence, he went out briskly, without ſtaying to hear what the Sultan would anſwer.

Now any Monarch but *Schahzaman* would have been in a wondrous Paſſion at ſuch a Deportment of a Son; but he took little Notice of it, reſolving to uſe all gentle Methods before he proceeded to Force. He communicated this new Cauſe of Diſcontent to his Prime Miniſter. I have follow'd your Advice, ſaid he, but *Camaralzaman* is farther off than ever from complying with my Deſires. He deliver'd his Reſolution in ſuch arrogant Terms, that I had all the Occaſion in the World for my Reaſon and Moderation to keep me from being in a Paſſion. Fathers that deſire Favours of their Children, which they nevertheleſs may command, are to blame themſelves only if they are diſobey'd. But tell me, I beſeech you, how I ſhall reclaim this hardy young Prince, who proves ſo rebellious to my Pleaſure.

Sir, anſwered the Grand Vizier, Patience brings many Things about, that before ſeem'd unpracticable; but it may be this Affair is of a Nature not likely to ſucceed that way. However, in my Judgment, your Majeſty would do well to give the Prince another Year to conſider of the Matter; and if when that is expired, he ſtill continues averſe to your Propoſal, then your Majeſty may propoſe it to him in full Council, as a Thing that is highly neceſſary for the Common Good; and 'tis not likely he will refuſe to comply with you, before ſo grave an Aſſembly, and on ſo neceſſary an Account, whatever he has done before.

The Sultan, who deſired ſo paſſionately to ſee his Son marry'd, thought this long Delay an Age; however, tho' with much Difficulty, he at length yielded to his Grand Vizier's Reaſons, and which he could no ways diſapprove.

Day-light, which now began to appear, impos'd Silence on *Scheherazade*, yet ſhe renew'd her Story the Night following, and ſaid to the Sultan *Schahriar*,

The Two Hundred and Thirteenth Night.

SIR, after the Grand Vizier was gone, Sultan *Schahzaman* went to the Apartment of the Mother of Prince *Camaralzaman*, to whom he had often diſcover'd what an ardent Deſire he had to marry the Prince; when he had told her with Tears in his Eyes, how his Son had refus'd to comply with him a ſecond time; and that nevertheleſs, through the Advice of his Grand Vizier, he was inclinable to wait yet a longer Time for his Compliance; he ſaid, Madam, I know he will hearken more to you than me, therefore I deſire you would take your Time to ſpeak to him ſeriouſly of the Matter, and to let him know, that if he perſiſts much longer in his Obſtinacy, he will oblige me to have Recourſe to Extremities that may not be pleaſing to him, and which may give him Cauſe to repent of having diſobey'd me.

Fatima, for ſo was the Lady call'd, acquainted the Prince, the firſt Time ſhe ſaw him, that ſhe had been inform'd of his ſecond Refuſal to be marry'd, and how much Chagrin he had occaſion'd his Father on that Account. *Madam*, ſays the Prince, I beſeech you not to renew my Grief upon that Head, for if you do, I have Reaſon to fear, in the Diſquiet I am under, that ſomething may eſcape me, which may not altogether correſpond with the Reſpect I owe you. *Fatima* knew by this Anſwer this was not a proper Time to ſpeak to him, and therefore deferr'd what ſhe had to ſay to another Opportunity.

Some conſiderable while after, *Fatima* thought ſhe had met with a more favourable Occaſion, which gave her

Hopes of being heard upon that Subject: She therefore accoſted him with all the Eagerneſs imaginable; Son, ſaid ſhe, I beg of you, if it be not very irkſome to you, to tell me what Reaſon you have for your ſo great Averſion to Marriage? If you have no other than the Badneſs and Wickedneſs of ſome Women, there can be nothing leſs reaſonable and more weak. I will not undertake the Defence of thoſe that are bad, they are a great Number of them undoubtedly; but it would be the greateſt Injuſtice imaginable, to condemn all the Sex for their Sakes. Alaſs! Son, you have met a great many bad Women in your Books, who have occaſion'd great Diſorders, and I will not excuſe them: But you do not conſider how many Monarchs, Sultans, and other Princes, there have been in world, whoſe Tyrannies, Barbarities, and Cruelties, aſtoniſh'd thoſe that read of them, and which I have done my ſelf. Now, for one woman that is thus wicked, you'll meet with a thouſand of theſe Tyrants and Barbarians; and what Torment, do you think, muſt a good woman undergo, for ſuch there are, who is match'd with any of theſe wretches.

Madam, reply'd *Camaralzaman*, I doubt not but there are a great Number of wiſe, virtuous, good, affable, and generous Women in the World; and would to God they all reſembled you: But what ſticks with me is, the doubtful Choice a Man is oblig'd to make, and oftentimes one has not that Liberty neither.

Let us ſuppoſe then, Madam, continued he, that I had a Mind to marry, as the Sultan, my Father, ſo earneſtly deſires I ſhould; what Wife, think you, would be likely to provide for me? Probably a Princeſs whom he would demand of ſome neighbouring Prince, and who would think it an Honour done him to ſend him her. Fair or ugly, good or ill humour, ſhe muſt go down. Nay, ſuppoſe no other Princeſs excell'd her in Beauty, yet who can be certain that her Temper would be of equal Goodneſs; that ſhe would be affable, complaiſant, entertaining, obliging, and the like: That her Diſcourſe would generally run on ſolid Matters, and not on Trifles, ſuch as Dreſs, Adjuſtments, Ornaments, and the like Fooleries, which would diſguſt any Man of Senſe? In a Word, that ſhe would not be haughty, proud, arrogant, impertinent, ſcornful, and waſte a Man's Eſtate in frivolous Expences, ſuch as gawdy Cloaths, unneceſſary Jewels, Toys, and the like long Train of magnificent Follies?

Thus you ſee, Madam, continu'd he, how many Reaſons a Man may have to be diſguſted at Marriage: Well, but to go farther; Let this Princeſs be never ſo perfect, accompliſh'd, and irreproachable with any Crimes, I have yet a great many more Reaſons not to deſiſt from my Sentiment, or depart from my Reſolution.

What, Son, reply'd *Fatima*, have you then more Reaſons after thoſe you have already brought? I don't doubt but what I ſhall find wherewithal to anſwer them, and ſtop your Mouth in a Word. Very well, Madam, reply'd the Prince, and perhaps I may find wherewithal to reply to your Anſwer.

I mean, Son, ſaid *Fatima*, that it is eaſy for a Prince who has had the Misfortune to marry ſuch a Wife as you deſcribe, to get rid of her, and take ſuch Care that ſhe may not prejudice his Eſtate.

Ah, but Madam, reply'd the Prince, you don't conſider what a Mortification 'twou'd be to a Perſon of ſo great Quality, to be obliged to come to an Extremity of that Nature. Would it not have been better, think you, and much more for his Honour and Quiet, that he had never run ſuch a Riſque.

But, Son, ſaid *Fatima* once more, after the Manner you underſtand Things, I apprehend you have a mind to be the laſt King of your Race, who have nevertheleſs reign'd ſo long and gloriouſly in the Iſles of the Children of *Khaledan*.

Madam, reply'd the Prince, for my part, I don't deſire to ſurvive the King my Father; and if I ſhould die before him, it would be no great Matter of Wonder, ſince ſo many Children have died before their Parents. But as for my leaving no Succeſſor, I am of Opinion 'tis much better to be the laſt of one's Race, than Father to a bad Prince, or Husband to a bad Wife.

From that Time *Fatima* had frequent Conferences with her Son, the Prince, on the ſame Subject; and ſhe omitted no Opportunity or Argument to endeavour rooting out his Averſion to the fair Sex; but he eluded all her Reaſonings by ſuch as ſhe could not well anſwer, and ſo continued in the ſame Mind.

The Year ran out, and to the great Regret of the Sultan, Prince *Camaralzaman* gave not the leaſt Proof of having changed his Sentiments; ſo one Day when there was a great Council held, the Prime Vizier, the other Viziers, the principal Officers of the Crown, and the Generals of the Army being preſent, the Sultan began to ſpeak thus to the Prince: Son, 'tis now a long while ſince I have earneſtly deſired to ſee you married, and I imagined you would have had more Complaiſance for a Father, who requir'd nothing unreaſonable of you, than to oppoſe him ſo long. But after ſo great Reſiſtance on your Part, which has almoſt worn out my Patience, I have thought fit to propoſe the ſame Thing once more to you in the Preſence of my Council. Now, I would have you to conſider, that this Favour I deſire, is not only to oblige me, but to comply with the earneſt Requeſt of the Eſtates of my Dominions, who for the Common Good of us all, in Conjunction with me, require it of you: Declare then, before theſe Lords preſent, Whether you will marry or not? That according to your Anſwer I may proceed, and take thoſe Meaſures which I ought.

The Prince anſwer'd with ſo little Temper, or rather with ſo much Heat, that the Sultan, enraged to ſee himſelf ſo affronted in full Council, cry'd out, How! unnatural Son! have you the Inſolence to talk thus to your Father and Sultan? Ho! Guards take him away— At which Words he was ſeized by the Eunuchs, and carry'd to an old Tower, that had had no body in it for a long while, where he was ſhut up, with only a Bed, a few Moveables, ſome Books, and one Slave only to attend him.

Camaralzaman thus depriv'd of Liberty, was nevertheleſspleas'd he had the Freedom to converſe with Books, and that made him look on this Confinement with ſome Indifference. In the Evening he bath'd, and ſaid his Prayers; and after having read ſome Chapters in the *Alcoran*, with the ſame Tranquillity of Mind, as if he had been in the Sultan's Palace, he undreſs'd himſelf, and went to Bed, leaving his Lamp burning by him all the while he ſlept.

In this Tower was a Well, which ſerv'd for a Retreat to a certain *Fary*, nam'd *Maimoune*, Daughter of *Damrial*, King or Head of a Legion of *Genies*. It was about Midnight when this *Maimoune* came forth ſilently, to wander about the World after her wonted Cuſtom. She was ſurpriz'd to ſee a Light in Prince *Camaralzaman*'s Chamber. She enter'd there, and without ſtopping at the Slave who lay at the Door, approach'd the Bed, whoſe Magnificence, though very great, ſhe did not ſo much wonder at, as that there ſhould be a Man in it.

Prince *Camaralzaman* had but half cover'd his Face with the Bed-Cloaths, by which *Maimoune* could perceive, he was the fineſt young Man ſhe had ſeen in all her Rambles through the World. What Beauty, or rather, what Prodigy of Beauty, ſaid ſhe within herſelf, will this Youth appear, when his ſo well form'd Eyelids ſhall be open? What Crime can he have committed to deſerve being treated thus rigorouſly.

She could not forbear admiring the Prince, 'till at length having kiſſed him gently on both Cheeks, and in the Middle of the Forehead, without waking him, ſhe laid the Bed Cloaths in the Order they were in before, and took her Flight into the Air. As ſhe mounted to the middle Region, ſhe heard a great Clapping of Wings, which made her fly towards that Side, and when ſhe approach'd, ſhe ſaw the *Genie* that made the Noiſe, but it was one of thoſe that are rebellious to God. As for *Maimoune*, ſhe belong'd to that Claſs whom the great *Salomon* forc'd to conform.

This *Genie*, whoſe Name was *Danhaſch*, and Son of *Schambouraſch*, knew *Maimoune*, but did not dare to take Notice of her, in that he was ſenſible how much Power ſhe had over him, by her Submiſſion to the Almighty. He would fain have avoided her, but ſhe was ſo near him, he muſt either fight or yield.

Brave *Maimoune*, ſaid *Danhaſch*, in the Tone of a Supplicant, ſwear to me in the Name of the great Power, that you won't hurt me; and I'll ſwear alſo on my Part, not to do you any Harm.

Curs'd *Genie*, reply'd *Maimoune*, what Hurt canſt thou do me? I fear thee not; but as thou haſt deſir'd this Favour of me, I will ſwear not to do thee any Harm. Tell me then, wandering Spirit, whence thou comeſt, what thou haſt ſeen, and what Miſchief thou haſt done this Night?

Fair Lady, anſwered *Danhaſch*, you meet me in a good Time to hear ſomething that's very wonderful.

The Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* was oblig'd to go on no farther with her Story, becauſe Day-light began to appear, but the Night following proceeded as follows.

The Two Hundred and Fourteenth Night.

The Hiſtory of the Princeſs of China.

SIR, ſaid ſhe to the Sultan, *Danhaſch*, the rebellious *Genie* againſt God, proceeded, and ſaid to *Maimoune*; Since you deſire it of me, I will acquaint you. I come from the utmoſt Limits of *China*, which look on the laſt Iſlands of this *Hemiſphere*—— But charming *Maimoune*, ſaid here *Danhaſch*, who trembled at the Sight of this *Fairy*, inſomuch that be could hardly ſpeak, promiſe me at leaſt you will forgive me, and let me go in my Way after I have ſatisfy'd your Demands.

Go on, go on, curs'd Spirit, reply'd *Maimoune*, go on and fear nothing. Doſt thou think I am as perfidious an Elf as thy ſelf, and that I am capable of breaking the ſerious Oath I have made? No, you may depend on my Promiſe, but be ſure you tell nothing but what's true, or I ſhall clip your Wings, and treat you as you deſerve.

Danhaſch a little hearten'd at the Words of *Maimoune*, ſaid, My dear Lady, I'll tell you nothing but what's exceeding true, if you'll have but the Goodneſs to hear me. You muſt know then, the Country of *China*, from whence I come, is one of the largeſt and moſt powerful Kingdoms of the Earth, on which depend the utmoſt Iſlands of this Hemiſphere, as I have already told you. The King of this Country is at preſent *Gaiour*, who has a Daughter the fineſt Woman that ever the Sun ſaw. Neither you nor I, nor your Claſs nor mine, nor all Mankind together, have Expreſſions lively enough to give a ſufficient Deſcription of this bright Lady. Her Hair is brown, and of ſo great a Length that it reaches far below her Feet. Her Forehead is as ſmooth as the beſt poliſh'd Mirrour, and of admirable Symmetry. Her Eyes are black, ſparkling, and full of Fire. Her Noſe is neither too long nor too ſhort; and her Mouth ſmall and Vermilion. Her Teeth are like two

Rows of *Pearls*, and ſurpaſs the fineſt of that ſort of Whiteneſs. When ſhe moves her Tongue, ſhe forms a ſweet and moſt agreeable Voice; and expeſſes her ſelf in ſuch proper Terms, as ſufficiently vindicate the Vivacity of her Wit. The whiteſt Marble or Alabaſter is not fairer than her Neck. In a Word, by this imperfect Sketch, you may gueſs there's no Beauty like to exceed her in the World.

Any one that did not know the King, Father of this incomparable Princeſs, would be apt to imagine, from the great Reſpect and Kindneſs he ſhews her, that he was in Love with his Daughter. Never did Lover do more for a Miſtreſs, the moſt endearing, than he has been ſeen to do for her. In a Word, never was Jealouſy more watchful over one than he is over her; and to the End her Retreat, which he has reſolv'd on, may not ſeem irkſome to her, he has built ſeven Palaces for her, the moſt uncommon and magnificent that ever was known.

The firſt Palace is of Rock Chryſtal, the ſecond of Braſs, the third of fine Steel, the fourth of another ſort of Braſs more valuable than the foregoing, the fifth of Touchſtone, the ſixth of Silver, and the Seventh of Maſſy Gold. He has furniſhed theſe Places moſt ſumptuouſly, and after a moſt unheard of Manner, with a Matter not much unlike that they are built of. He has fill'd the Gardens with Parterres of Graſs, and Flowers, intermix'd with all Manner of Waterworks, ſuch at *Jet-d'eau's*, Canals, Caſcades, and the like. Then you have great Groves of Trees, where the Eye is loſt in Proſpect, and the Sun never enters. King *Gaiour*, in a Word, has made it appear that his paternal Love exceeds all thoſe of any other Kind whatſoever.

Now, upon the Fame of this incomparable Princeſs's Beauty, the moſt powerful neighbouring King's ſent their Ambaſſadours to requeſt her in Marriage. The King of *China* received them all in a moſt obliging Manner; but as he reſolved not to marry his Daughter without her Conſent, ſo as ſhe did not like any of them, they were forc'd to return as they came after having received great Honours and Civilities.

Sir, ſaid the Princeſs, to the King her Father, you have a Mind to marry me, and think to oblige me by it; but where ſhall I find ſuch ſtately Palaces, and delicious Gardens, as I have with your Majeſty? Under your good

Pleaſure I am unconſtrain'd in all Things, and have the ſame Honours done me that are paid to your own Perſon. Theſe are Advantages I cannot expect to find any where elſe, to whatever Husband I ſhould give myſelf; Men love ever to be Maſters, and I don't care to be commanded,

After divers Emaſſies on the ſame Occaſion, there came one from the moſt rich and potent King that had hitherto ſent. This Prince the King of *China* recommended to his Daughter as a Husband, both advantagious and proper for her: Yet him ſhe refus'd for the ſame Reaſons as before; and begg'd of her Father to diſpenſe with her on that Account. He preſs'd her to hearken to him; but inſtead of complying, ſhe loſt all the Reſpect and Duty that was due to him. Sir, ſaid ſhe, in a great Rage, trouble me no more with any Talk of Marriage, unleſs you would have me bury this Poynard in my Boſom, to deliver myſelf from your Importunities.

The King at this being greatly enrag'd, ſaid in a mighty Paſſion, Daughter, you are mad, and I muſt uſe you as ſuch. In a Word, he had ſhut her up in a certain Apartment of one of the ſeven Palaces, and allow'd only ten old Women to wait upon her, and keep her Company, the chief whereof had been her Nurſe. And to the End the Kings, his Neighbours, who had ſent Embaſſies to him on this Account, might not think any more of her, he diſpatch'd Envoys to them ſeverally, to let them know how averſe his Daughter was to Marriage; and as he did not doubt but ſhe was really mad, he gave them in Charge to make known in every Court, that if there were any Phyſician that would undertake to come and cure her, he ſhould, if he ſucceeded, have her for his Pains.

Fair *Maimoune*, ſaid *Danhaſch*, all is true that I've told you; and I, for my Part, have not fail'd to go every Day regul rry to contemplate this incomparable Beauty, whom I ſhould be very far from doing any Harm to, notwithſtanding my natural Bent that way. Now I would have you go and ſee her, continu'd he; I'll aſſure you it would be worth your while, and don't doubt but you would think yourſelf oblig'd to me for the Sight, when you come to find I am no Liar, I am ready to wait on you as a Guide, and you may command me as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Inſtead of anſwering *Danhaſch*, *Maimoune* burſt out into a violent Laughter, which laſted for ſome time; and *Danhaſch* not knowing what might be the Occaſion of it, was not a little aſtoniſh'd. When ſhe had laughed her Laugh out, ſhe cry'd good, good, very good, you would have me then believe all you have told me: I thought you deſigned to entertain me with ſomething ſurprizing and extraordinary, and you have been talking all this while of a Driveller. Ah! fye, fye. What would you ſay, if you had ſeen the fine Prince that I am juſt come from ſeeing, and whom I love with a Paſſion equal to his Deſert? I'm confident you'd ſoon give up the Bell, and not pretend to compare your's with my Choice.

Agreeable *Maimoune*, reply'd *Danhaſch*, may I preſume to ask you how this Prince is call'd? Know, anſwer'd *Maimoune*, he has had an Accident happen'd to him, much like that of your Princeſs. The King his Father would needs have him marry'd againſt his Will; but after many Importunities, he frankly told the old Gentleman, he would have nothing to do with a Wife. This occaſion'd him to be put in Priſon in an old Tower, where I make my Reſidence, and whence I came but juſt now from admiring him.

I will not abſolutely contradict you, my pretty Lady, reply'd *Danhaſch*, but you muſt give me Leave to be of Opinion, till I have ſeen the Prince, that no mortal upon Earth can come near the Beauty of my Princeſs. Hold thy Tongue, curs'd Sprite, reply'd *Maimoune*, I tell thee once more, that can never be. I will not contend with you, ſaid *Danhaſch*, but the Way to be convinc'd, is to accept of the Proffer I make you, to go and ſee my Princeſs, and after I will go with you to your Prince.

There's no need I would take ſo much Pains, reply'd *Maimoune*, there's another Way to ſatisfy us both; and that is, for you to bring your Princeſs, and place her at my Prince's bed-ſide; by this Means it will be eaſy for us to compare them together, and ſee which is the handſomeſt.

Danhaſch conſented to what *Maimoune* had propos'd, and was reſolv'd to ſet out immediately for *China* upon that Errand. But *Maimoune* drew him aſide, and told him, ſhe muſt firſt ſhew him where the Place was whither he was to bring the Princeſs. They flew together to the Tower, and when *Maimoune* had ſhown whither he was to come, ſhe cry'd, Go now, fetch your Princeſs, and do it quickly, for you ſhall find me here.

The Day beginning to appear, *Scheherazade* was forc'd to leave off: But ſhe reſum'd her Diſcourſe the Night following, and ſaid to the *Sultan* of the *Indies*,

The Two Hundred and Twenty Fifth Night.

SIR, *Danhaſch* left *Maimoune*, and flew towards *China*, whence he ſoon return'd with incredible Speed, bringing the fair Princeſs along with him aſleep. *Maimoune* receiv'd him, and introduc'd him into the Chamber of Prince *Camaralzaman*, where they together plac'd the Princeſs by the Prince's Side.

When the Prince and Princeſs were thus laid together, all the while aſleep, there aroſe a great Conteſt between the *Genie* and the *Fairy* about the Preference of their Beauty. They were ſometime admiring and comparing them, but at length *Danhaſch* broke Silence, and ſaid to *Maimoune*, You ſee, and I have already told you, my Princeſs was handſomer than your Prince; now, I hope, you are convinc'd of it.

How! convinc'd of it, reply'd *Maimoune*; I am not convinc'd of it, and you muſt be blind, if you can't ſee that my Prince has the better of the Compariſon. Thy Princeſs is fair, I don't deny it; but if you compare them together without Prejudice, you will quickly ſee the Difference.

Though I ſhould compare them never ſo often, ſaid *Danhaſch*, I could never change my Opinion. I ſaw what I ſee now at firſt Sight, and Time will not be able to make me ſee more: However, this ſhan't hinder my yielding to you, charming *Maimoune*, if you deſire it. I'd have you yield to me as a Favour! I ſcorn it, ſaid *Maimoune*, I would not receive a Favour at ſuch a wicked *Genie*'s Hands; I refer the Matter to an Arbitrator, and if you will not conſent, I ſhall get the better by your Refuſal.

Danhaſch, who ever had a great deal of Complaiſance for *Maimoune*, immediately gave his Conſent, which he had no ſooner done, but *Maimoune* ſtamping with her Foot, the Earth open'd, and out came a hideous, hump-back'd, blind and lame *Genie*, with ſix Horns on his Head, and Claws on his Hands and Feet. As ſoon as he was come out, and the Earth had clos'd up, he perceiving *Maimoune*, caſt himſelf at her Feet, and then riſing upon one Knee, asked her what ſhe would pleaſe to have with him.

Riſe *Caſchcaſch*, ſaid *Maimoune*, I caus'd you to come hither to determine a Difference between me and that curs'd *Danhaſch* there. Look on that Bed, and tell me without Partiality, which is the handſomeſt of thoſe two that lie there aſleep, the young Man or the young Lady.

Caſchcaſch look'd on the Prince and Princeſs with great Attention, Admiration, and Surprize; and after he had conſider'd them a good while, without being able to determine whether was the handſomer, he turned to *Maimoune*, and ſaid, Madam, I muſt needs confeſs I ſhould deceive you, and betray my ſelf, if I pretend to ſay one was a whit handſomer than the other: The more I examine them, the more it ſeems to me, each poſſeſs, in a ſovereign Degree, that Beauty which is betwixt them; and if one has not the leaſt Defect, how can the other have any Advantage? But if either has any thing amiſs, it will better be diſcover'd when they are awake, than now they are aſleep. Let them then be awak'd one after another; and that Perſon who ſhall expreſs moſt Love for the other by Ardour, Eagerneſs and Paſſion, ſhall be deem'd to have leaſt Beauty.

The Propoſal of *Caſchaſch's* pleas'd equally both *Maimoune* and *Danhaſch*. *Maimoune* then chang'd herſelf into a Flea, and leap'd on the Prince's Neck, where ſhe ſtung him ſo ſmartly, that he awoke, and put up his Hand to the Place; but *Maimoune* skipp'd away as ſoon as ſhe had done, and reſumed her priſtine Form; which like thoſe of the two *Genies*, was inviſible, the better to obſerve what he would do.

In drawing back his Hand the Prince chanced to let it fall on that of the Princeſs of *China*. He opened his Eyes, and was exceedingly ſurprized to find a Lady lying by him, nay, a Lady of the greateſt Beauty. He raiſed his Head, and leaned on his Elbow, the better to conſider her. Her blooming Youth, and incomparable Beauty, fired him in a Moment; of which Flame he had never yet been ſenſible, and from which he had even hither guarded himſelf with the greateſt Application.

Love ſeized on his Heart in the moſt lively Manner, inſomuch that he could not help crying out, What Beauty is this! What Charms! O my Heart! O my Soul! In ſaying which, he kiſſed her Forehead, both her Cheeks and her Mouth, with ſo little Caution, that ſhe had certainly been awaked by it, had not ſhe ſlept ſounder than ordinary, through the Enchantment of *Danhaſch*.

How! my pretty Lady, ſaid the Prince, do you not awake at theſe Teſtimonies of Love given you by Prince *Camaralzaman*? Whoſoever you are, I would have you to know he is not unworthy of your Affection. He was going to awake her at that Inſtant, but refrained himſelf all of a ſudden. Is not this ſhe, ſaid he, that the *Sultan* my Father would have had me marry? He was in the wrong not to let me ſee her ſooner. Had he ſo done, I ſhould not have offended him by my Diſobedience, nor would he have had any Occaſion to uſe me as he has done.

The Prince began to repent ſincerely of the Fault he had committed, and was once more upon the Point of awaking the Princeſs of *China*. It may be, ſaid he within himſelf, the *Sultan*, my Father, has a Mind to ſurprize me, and has ſent this young Lady to try if I had really that Averſion for Marriage which I pretended. Who knows, but having thus laid her in my Way, he is hid behind the Hangings, to take an Opportunity to appear and make me aſham'd of my Diſſimulation. This ſecond Crime would be yet much greater than my firſt. Upon the whole Matter, I will content my ſelf with this Ring which will at any time create me a Remembrance of this dear Lady.

He then gently drew off a fine Ring the Princeſs had on her Finger, and immediately put on one of his own in the Place. After this he turned his Back, and was not long before he fell into a profounder Sleep than before, thro' the Enchantment of the *Genies*.

As ſoon as Prince *Camaralzaman* was ſound aſleep, *Danhaſch* transform'd himſelf into a Flea likewiſe in his

Turn, and went and bit the Princeſs ſo rudely on the lower Lip, that ſhe forthwith awoke, ſtarted and clapp'd herſelf upon her Breech, and opening her Eyes, was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee a Man lying by her. From Surprize ſhe proceeded to Admiration, and from Admiration to a real Joy, which ſhe conceiv'd at finding him ſo beautiful and young.

What! cry'd ſhe, is it you, the King my Father was deſign'd me for a Husband? I am indeed moſt unfortunate for not knowing it before, for then I ſhould not have put my Lord and Father in a Rage, nor been ſo long depriv'd of a Husband whom I cannot forbear loving with all my Heart. Wake then, wake my dear Love! proceeded ſhe, for it does not ſure become a Man that is marry'd to ſleep ſo ſoundly the firſt Night of his Nuptials.

So ſaying ſhe took Prince *Camaralzaman* by the Arm, and ſhook him ſo violently, as had been enough to have awak'd the profoundeſt Sleeper, had not *Maimoune* at that Inſtant increas'd his Sleep, and augmented his Enchantment. She renew'd this ſhaking ſeveral Times, and finding it did not awake him, ſhe cry'd out, What is come to to thee, my Dear! What jealous Rival, envying thy Happineſs and mine, has had recourſe to Magick, to throw thee into this profound and unſurmountable Drowſineſs, from whence, I think, thou wilt never recover. Then ſhe ſnatch'd his Hand, and kiſſing it eagerly, perceiv'd he had a Ring upon his Finger which greatly reſembled hers, and which ſhe found to be her own. So ſoon as ſhe ſaw ſhe had another upon her Finger inſtead of it, ſhe could not comprehend how this Exchange could be made; but yet ſhe did not doubt but it was a certain Token of their Marriage. At length being tir'd with her fruitleſs Endeavours to awake the Prince, yet well aſſur'd he could not eſcape her, when he awoke, ſhe ſaid, ſince I find it is not in my Power to awake thee, I will not trouble my ſelf any farther about it, but bid thee good Night, and compoſe my ſelf to Reſt. At theſe Words, after having given him a hearty Kiſs on the Cheeks and Lips, ſhe turn'd her Back, and went again to ſleep.

When *Maimoune* ſaw ſhe could ſpeak without Fear of awaking the Princeſs, ſhe cry'd to *Danhaſch*, Ah, curſed *Genie*, doſt thou not now ſee what thy Conteſt is come to? Art thou not now convinc'd how much thy Princeſs is inferior ſerior to my Prince in Charms? At this ſhe turned to *Caſchcaſch*, and after having thank'd him for his Trouble, bid him in Conjunction with *Danhaſch*, take the Princeſs and convey her back again to her Bed, from whence he had taken her. *Danhaſch* and *Caſchaſch* did as they were commanded, and *Maimoune* retired to her Well.

The Day beginning to appear, impos'd Silence on the Sultaneſs *Scheherazade*, and the Sultan got up; but next Night ſhe continued her Story as follows.

The Two Hundred and Sixteenth Night.

The Remainder of the Hiſtory of Prince Camaralzaman.

SIR, ſaid the Sultaneſs, Prince *Camaralzaman* waking next Morning, look'd to ſee if the Lady were by him whom he had ſeen the Night before. When he found ſhe was gone, he cry'd out, I thought indeed this was a Trick the King my Father deſign'd to play me. I am oblig'd to him for the Favour, yet have fairly eſcap'd his Trap. Then he wak'd the Slave, who was ſtill aſleep, and bid him come and dreſs him. The Slave brought a Baſon of Water, and after he had waſh'd, and ſaid his Prayers, he took a Book and fell a reading.

After thoſe ordinary Exerciſes, he called the Slave, and ſaid to him, Come hither, and look you don't tell me a Lye. How came the Lady hither, who lay with me to Night, and who brought her?

My Lord, anſwer'd the Slave with great Aſtoniſhment, I know not what Lady your Highneſs ſpeaks of. I ſpeak, ſaid the Prince, of her that came hither, and lay with me to Night, or rather that was brought for that Purpoſe. My Lord, reply'd the Slave, I know of no ſuch Lady; and if there were any ſuch, how ſhould ſhe come in without my Knowledge, ſince I lay at the Door?

Are you in the Contrivance then, Villain, reply'd the Prince? Slave, you lye, for here was a Lady here. In ſaying theſe Words, he gave him a Box o'th' Ear, puſh'd him along upon the Ground, and then ſtamp'd upon him for ſome Time, 'till at length taking the Well-Rope, and tying it under his Arms, he plunged him ſeveral Times into the Water. I'll drown thee, Wretch, cry'd he, if thou doſt not tell me ſpeedily who this Lady was, and who brought her?

The Slave half dead, ſaid within himſelf, doubtleſs, my Lord the Prince muſt have loſt his Senſes thro' Grief, and I ſhall not know how to eſcape being murthered by him, if I do not tell him a Lye. My Lord, then cry'd he, in an humble and ſupplicant Tone, I beſeech your Highneſs to ſpare my Life, and I will tell you how the Matter is.

Then the Prince drew the Slave up, and preſſed him to begin. As ſoon as he was out of the Well, my Lord, ſaid he, trembling, your Highneſs may perceive it is not proper for me to relate any thing to you in this Condition; I beg you to give me leave to go and change my Cloaths, and I will ſatisfy you in all I am able. Do it then quickly ſaid the Prince, and be ſure you conceal nothing, for if you do, you muſt expect the worſt of Uſage.

The Slave being at Liberty went out, and having lock'd the Door upon the Prince, ran to the Palace in the Pickle he was in. The King was at that Time in Diſcourſe with his Prime Vizier, to whom he had juſt related the Agonies he had undergone that Night on Account of his Son's Diſobedience.

The wiſe Miniſter endeavour'd to comfort his Maſter, by telling him he did not doubt but the Prince would ſoon be reduced to Obedience. Sir, ſaid he, your Majeſty need not repent of having us'd your Son after this Rate; I dare promiſe it will contribute towards reclaiming him. Have but Patience to let him continue a while in Priſon, and no doubt his Heat of Youth will abate, and he will ſubmit entirely to your Pleaſure.

The Grand Vizier had juſt made an End of ſpeaking, when the Slave came in, and caſt himſelf at King *Schahzaman*'s Feet. My Lord, ſaid he, I am very ſorry to be the Meſſenger of ill News to your Majeſty, which I know muſt create you freſh Affliction. My Lord the Prince is diſtracted; he fancies a fine Lady has lain with him all Night, and has uſed me thus ill for queſtioning it. Then he proceeded to tell all the Particulars of what Prince *Camaralzaman* had ſaid to him.

The King, who did not expect to hear any thing of this Kind, ſaid to his Prime Miniſter, Now you ſee how much you are miſtaken in the Remedy of Priſon. This is very different from what Hopes you gave me juſt now: Run immediately and ſee what is the Matter, and come and give me a ſpeedy Account.

The Grand Vizier obey'd, and coming into the Prince's Chamber, he found him ſitting on his Bed in good Temper, and with a Book in his Hand, which he was Reading.

After mutual Salutations, the Vizier ſat down by him, and ſaid, My Lord, I would willingly have a Slave of your's puniſh'd, who has come to fright the King your Father, with News that has put him under great Diſturbance.

What News is that, reply'd the Prince, that could give my Father ſo great Uneaſineſs? I have much greater Cauſe to complain of that Slave.

My Lord, anſwer'd the Vizier, God forbid that News ſhould be true, which he has told your Father concerning you, and which indeed I myſelf found to be falſe, by the good Temper I obſerve you in, and which I pray God to continue. It may be, reply'd the Prince, he did not make himſelf well underſtood; but ſince you are come, who ought to know ſomething of the Matter, give me leave to aſk you who was that Lady, that lay with me laſt Night?

The Grand Vizier was almoſt ſtruck Dumb at this Demand; however he recover'd himſelf, and ſaid, My Lord, be not ſurpriz'd at the Confuſion I was under upon your Queſtion. Is it poſſible, think you, my Lord, any Lady or other Perſon in the World, ſhould penetrate by Night into this Place, without entring at the Door, and walking over the Belly of your Slave? I beſeech you, my Lord, recollect yourſelf, and you'll find this is only a Dream which has made this Impreſſion on you.

I give no Ear to what you ſay, ſaid the Prince in an angry and high Tone, I muſt know of you abſolutely what is become of this Lady; and if you ſcruple to obey me, I am in a Place where I ſhall ſoon be able to force you to tell me.

At theſe ſtern Words, the Grand Vizier began to be under greater Confuſion than before, and was thinking how to get away, the beſt he could. He endeavour'd to pacify the Prince by good Words, and begg'd him in the moſt humble Manner, to tell him if he had ſeen this Lady.

Yes, yes, anſwer'd the Prince, I have ſeen her, and am very well ſatisfy'd you ſent her to tempt me. She play'd the Art you had given her admirably well, for I could not get a Word out of her. She pretended to be aſleep, but I was no ſooner got into a Slumber, than ſhe roſe and left me. You know all this, as well as I; for I don't doubt, but ſhe has been to make her Report of her Dexterity.

My Lord, reply'd the Vizier, I ſwear to your Highneſs, nothing of this has been acted, which you ſeem to reproach me with; and I vow, by the Head of our great Prophet, neither your Father, nor I, have ſent this Lady you ſpeak of, if I may believe my Royal Maſter's Proteſtations; and ſure I am, I can anſwer for my ſelf: I am confident, we never had either of us any ſuch Thought; permit me therefore, to remember your Highneſs once more, this muſt needs be a Dream.

How! What do you come to affront and contradict me, ſaid the Prince in a great Rage and to tell me to my Face, that what I have told you is a Dream? You are an unbelieving Varlet, cry'd he, and at the ſame Time took him by the Beard, and loaded him with ſo many Thumps, he was hardly able to ſtand under them.

The poor Grand Vizier endur'd patiently all the Brunt of his Lord's Indignation, and could not help ſaying within himſelf, Now am I even in as bad a Condition as the Slave, and ſhall think my ſelf happy, if I can, like him, eſcape from any further Danger. In the midſt of the Blows that were given him, he cry'd out but for a Moments Audience, which the Prince, after he had near tir'd himſelf with banging him, conſented to give him.

I own, my Lord, ſaid the Grand Vizier, diſſembling, there's ſomething in what your Highneſs ſuſpects; but you cannot be ignorant under what Neceſſity a Miniſter is to obey his Royal Maſter's Orders: Yet if your Highneſs will be but pleas'd to ſet me at Liberty, I'll go and tell him any thing on your Part that you ſhall think fit to command me. Go then, ſaid the Prince, and tell him from me, if he pleaſes, I will marry the Lady he ſent me, or rather, that was brought me laſt Night. Do this quickly, and bring me a ſpeedy Anſwer. The Grand Vizier made a profound Reverence, and went away, not thinking himſelf altogether ſafe, till he had got out of the Tower, and ſhut the Door upon the Prince.

He came and preſented himſelf before Sultan *Schahzaman*, with a Countenance that ſufficiently ſhewed he had been ill uſed. Well, ſaid the King, in what Condition did you find my Son: Sir, anſwered the Vizier, what the Slave reported to your Majeſty is but too true. He then began to relate that Interview he had had with *Camaralzaman*, how he was in a Paſſion upon his endeavouring to perſwade him it was impoſſible any Lady ſhould get in to him, how he had uſed him very ſcurvily, and by what Means he made his Eſcape.

Schahzaman, ſo much the more concerned, as he loved the Prince with an exceeding Tenderneſs, reſolved to find out the Truth of this Matter, and therefore propoſed to ſee his Son in the Tower himſelf, accompany'd with the Grand Vizier.

Here the *Sultaneſs* ſtopped, perceiving the Day began to appear; yet went on the Night following with the ſame Story, telling the *Sultan*,

The Two Hundred and Seventeenth Night.

SIR, Prince *Camaralzaman* received the King his Father in the Tower, with great Reſpect. The King ſat down, and made his Son the Prince ſit down by him, putting ſeveral Queſtions to him, which he anſwer'd with a great deal of good Senſe. As they talked, the King, every now and then look'd on the Grand Vizier, being as much as to ſay, he did not find his Son had loſt his Wits, but rather thought he had loſt his.

The King at length ſpoke of the Lady to his Son, Son, ſaid he, I deſire you to tell me what Lady that was, that lay with you the other Night, as I have been told.

Sir, anſwer'd *Camaralzaman*, I beg of your Majeſty not to give me any more Diſturbance on that Head, but rather to oblige me ſo far as to let me have her in Marriage:

Whatever Averſion I may formerly have diſcover'd for Women, this young Lady has charm'd me to that Degree, that I cannot help betraying my Weakneſs. I am ready to receive her at your Majeſty's Hands, with all the Acknowledgments imaginable.

King *Schahzaman* was ſurpriz'd at this Anſwer of the Prince's ſo remote, as he thought, from the good Senſe he had found in him before; therefore ſaid to him, Son, you put me under the greateſt Conſternation imaginable, by what you now ſay to me: I ſwear to you by my Crown, that is to devolve upon you after me, I know not one Word of what you mention about the Lady; and if there has any ſuch come to you, it was altogether without my Knowledge or Privity. But how could ſhe get into this Tower without my Conſent? For whatever my Grand Vizier told you, it was only to appeaſe you that he ſaid it: It muſt therefore be a pure Dream, and I beg of you not to believe any thing to the contrary.

Sir, reply'd the Prince, I ſhould be for ever unworthy of the good Will of your Majeſty, if I did not give entire Credit to what you are pleas'd to ſay; but I humbly beſeech you at the ſame Time to give Ear to what I ſhall ſay to you, and then to judge whether what I have the Honour to tell you, be a Dream or not.

Then Prince *Camaralzaman* related to the King his Father, after what Manner he had been awak'd, exaggerating the Beauty and Charms of the Lady he found by his Side, the Love he had for her at firſt Sight, and the Pains he took to awake her without Effect. He did not conceal what had oblig'd him to awake, and fall aſleep again, after he had made the Exchange of his Ring, with that of the Lady: Shewing the King the Ring, he added, Sir, your Majeſty muſt needs know my Ring very well, and you ſee I have it not on my Finger, but another of a Woman's inſtead of it. From this Proof, therefore, I hope you'll be pleas'd to be convinc'd that I have not loſt my Senſes, as you have been almoſt made to believe I had.

King *Schahzaman* was ſo perfectly convinc'd of the Truth his Son had been telling him, that he had not a Word to ſay, remaining aſtoniſh'd for ſome Time, and not being able to utter a Syllable.

The Prince took Advantage of this Opportunity, and ſaid further, May it pleaſe your Majeſty, the Paſſion I have conceived for this charming Lady, whoſe precious Image I bear continually in my Mind, is ſo very great, I cannot live, unleſs your Majeſty procures me the Happineſs of enjoying her, which I know you can well do, as not being ignorant who ſhe is.

Son reply'd the King, after what I have juſt heard, and what I ſee by the Ring on your Finger, I cannot doubt but your Paſſion is real for this Lady, and I would to God I knew who ſhe was, and I would make you happy from this Moment. But what Means have I to come at the Knowledge of her? Where ſhall I find her, and how ſeek for her? How could ſhe get in here, and by what Conveyance, without my Conſent? Why did ſhe come to ſleep only, enflame you with her Beauty, and then leave you while you were in a Slumber? Theſe Things, I muſt confeſs, are paſt my finding out; and if Heaven is not ſo favourable as to give ſome Light into them, we I fear, muſt both go down to the Grave together. Come then, my Son, continu'd he, let's go and afflict ourſelves in Conjunction; you, for the Hopes you have loſt, and I, for ſeeing you grieve, and not being in a Capacity to remedy your Affliction.

King *Schazaman* then led his Son out of the Tower, and convey'd him to the Palace, where he was no ſooner arriv'd, but he fell ſick, and took to his Bed, which made the King ſhut himſelf up with him, and grieve ſo bitterly, he was not in a Condition to take any Cognizance of the Affairs of his Kingdom.

The Prime Miniſter, who was the only Perſon had any Admittance to him, came one Day and told him, the whole Court, and even the People began to murmur at their not ſeeing him, and that he did not adminiſter Juſtice every Day, as he was wont to do before this Accident happen'd, which, he ſaid, he knew not what Diſorders it might occaſion. I humbly beg your Majeſty, therefore, proceeded he, to take ſome Notice of what I humbly repreſent to you; I am ſenſible your Majeſty's Company is a great Comfort to the Prince in this Condition, and that his is no leſs aſſwaging to your Grief; but then you muſt not run the Riſque of letting all be loſt. I ſhould think it were proper to be propoſed to your Majeſty, that you would be pleaſed to ſuffer yourſelf to be tranſported to a Caſtle you have in a little Iſland, over againſt the Part where you may give Audience to your Subjects twice a Week; and where during that Function, the Prince will be agreeably amus'd with the Beauty, Proſpect, and good Air of the Place, that he will be likely to bear your Abſence with the leſs Concern.

King *Schahzaman* approv'd this Propoſal; and after the Caſtle, where he had not reſided for ſome Time, had been new furniſh'd, he cauſed himſelf, to be tranſported thither with the Prince; where, excepting the Times that he gave Audience, as aforeſaid, he paſt all his Hours on his Son's Pillow, ſometimes endeavouring to comfort him, but oftner afflicting himſelf with him.

The Sequel of the Story of the Princeſs of China.

WHilſt Matters paſt thus in the Capital of King *Scahzaman*, the two *Genies Danhaſch* and *Caſcheaſch*, had carry'd the Princeſs of *China* back to the Palace, where the King her Father had ſhut her up, and laid her in her Bed as before.

When ſhe awaked next Morning, and found by looking to the Right, and the Left, that Prince *Camaralzaman* was not by her, ſhe cry'd out with ſuch a Voice to her old Women, as ſoon made them come to know what ſhe wanted. Her Nurſe, who preſented herſelf firſt, deſir'd to be inform'd what her Highneſs would pleaſe to have, and what had happen'd to her, that occaſion'd her to call out ſo earneſtly.

Tell me, ſaid the Princeſs, what has become of the young Man that has lain with me to-night, and whom I love with all my Soul? Madam, reply'd the Nurſe, we know of no ſuch Perſon, and cannot pretend to underſtand your Highneſs, unleſs you will pleaſe to explain your ſelf.

How do you mean explain my ſelf, quoth the Princeſs? Why, I had a lovely and moſt amiable young Man, that ſlept with me laſt Night, whom, though I careſs'd never ſo much, I could not awake? I only ask you where he is?

Madam, anſwer'd the Nurſe, is it to jeſt and impoſe upon us, that your Highneſs asks us theſe Queſtions? I beſeech your Highneſs you would pleaſe to riſe, and you ſhall be ſatisfy'd in all Things that we are capable of ſatisfying you in. I am in earneſt, then ſaid the Princeſs, and I muſt know where this young Man is. Madam, inſiſted the Nurſe, you were alone when you went to Bed laſt Night; and how any Man could come to you without our Knowledge I can't imagine, for we all lay about the Door of your Chamber, which was lock'd, and I had the Key in my Pocket.

At this the Princeſs loſt all Patience, and catching her Nurſe by the Hair of the Head, and giving her two or three ſound Cuffs, ſhe cry'd, You ſhall tell me where this young Man is, old Sorcereſs, or I'll beat your Brains out.

The Nurſe ſtruggl'd all ſhe could to get from her, and at laſt ſhe ſucceeded, when ſhe went immediately, with Tears in her Eyes, and her Face all bloody, to complain to the Queen her Mother, who was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee the old Woman in this Condition.

Madam, began the Nurſe, you ſee what a Condition the Princeſs has put me in; ſhe had certainly murder'd me, if I had not had the good Fortune to eſcape out of her Hands. But for what, good Nurſe, replied the Queen? What Occaſion did you give my Daughter to uſe ſo ill? I gave her none, Madam, anſwer'd the Nurſe; and ſo began to tell what had been the Cauſe of all that Paſſion and Rage in the Princeſs. The Queen was mightily ſurpriz'd to hear it, and could not gueſs how ſhe came to be ſo infatuated, as to take that for a Reality, which could be no other than a Dream. Your Majeſty muſt conclude from all this, Madam, continu'd the Nurſe, that my Miſtreſs, the Princeſs, is out of her Senſes. I would beſeech your Majeſty therefore to go and ſee her, and you'll find what I ſay to be but too true.

The great Love the Queen bore the Princeſs, ſoon made her to comply with the Nurſes Propoſal; ſo together they went to the Princeſs's Palace that very Moment.

The Sulaneſs *Scheherazade* would have gone on, but perceiving the Day-light appear, ſhe deferr'd what ſhe had to ſay further, 'till the next Night, when ſhe ſaid to the Sultan,

The Two Hundred and Eighteenth Night.

SIR, the Queen of *China* ſat down by her Daughter's Bed-ſide immediately upon her Arrival in her Apartment, and after ſhe had inform'd her ſelf about her health, began to ask her, what had made her ſo angry with her Nurſe, as to treat her after that Manner ſhe had done, which never great Princeſſes had condeſcended to do before.

Madam, reply'd the Princeſs, I plainly perceive your Majeſty is come to mock me, but I declare I will never let you reſt, 'till you conſent I ſhall marry the young Man that lay with me to Night. You muſt needs know where he is; and therefore I beg of your Majeſty you would let him come to me again.

Daughter, anſwer'd the Queen, you ſurprize me, I know nothing of what you talk of. Then the Princeſs loſt all manner of reſpect for the Queen, and reply'd in a great Paſſion; The King my Father and you have all along proſecuted me about marrying, when I had no mind to it, and now I have a Mind, you would fain oppoſe me; but I muſt tell you, Madam, I will have this young Man I ſpoke of for my Husband, or I will kill my ſelf.

Here the Queen endeavour'd to calm the Princeſs by ſoft Words; Daughter, ſaid ſhe, you know well you are alone in this Apartment, how then could any Man come to you? This muſt be meer Fancy, or a Dream; for —— Here the Princeſs interrupted her, and was ſo far from hearkening to what ſhe ſaid, that ſhe flew out into ſuch Extravagances, as obliged the Queen to leave her, and retire in great Affliction, to inform her Lord in what a Condition their Daughter was.

The King hearing it, had a Mind likewiſe to be ſatisfy'd in Perſon, and therefore coming to his Daughter's Apartment, demanded of her, if what he had juſt heard was true? Sir, reply'd the Princeſs, let's talk no more of that;

I only beſeech your Majeſty to grant me the Favour, that I may marry the young *Cavalier* I lay with laſt Night.

What! ſaid the King, has any one lain with you laſt Night? How, Sir, reply'd the Princeſs, without giving the King leave to go on. Do you ask me if any one lay with me laſt Night? Your Majeſty knows that but too well. He was the fineſt and beſt made *Cavalier* the Sun ever ſaw: I deſire him of you for my Husband by all Means, Sir, and I beg you would not refuſe me: But that your Majeſty may no longer doubt whether I have ſeen this *Cavalier*, whether he has lain with me, whether I have careſs'd him, or whether I did not my utmoſt to awake him without ſucceeding, ſee, if you pleaſe, this Ring. She then reach'd forth her Hand, and ſhew'd the King a Man's Ring on her Finger. The King did not know what to make of all this; but as he had confin'd her for mad, ſo now he began to think her more mad than ever; therefore without ſaying any thing more to her, for fear ſhe might do violence on her ſelf, or ſome body elſe, he had her chain'd, and ſhut up more cloſe than ever, allowing her only the Nurſe to wait on her with a good Guard at the Door.

The King, exceedingly concern'd at this Indiſpoſition of his Daughter, ſought all poſſible means to get her cur'd. He aſſembled his Council, and after having acquainted them what a Condition ſhe was in, he proffer'd any of them that would undertake her Cure, the Succeſſion to his Kingdom after his Death, if they ſucceeded in their Attempt.

The Deſire of enjoying a young Princeſs, and the Hopes of governing one Day ſo powerful a Kingdom as that of *China*, had a ſtrange Effect on that old *Emir*, already advanc'd in Age, and who was then preſent in Council. As he was well skill'd in *Magick*, he offer'd the King to cure his Daughter, and flatter'd himſelf with Succeſs. Very well, ſaid the King; but I forgot to tell you one thing, and that is, that if you don't ſucceed, you ſhall loſe your Head. It would not be reaſonable you ſhould have ſo great a Reward, and yet run no Riſque on your Part: And what I ſay to you, continu'd the King, I ſay to all others that ſhall come after you, to let them conſider beforehand what they undertake.

The *Emir* however accepted the Condition, and the King led him where the Princeſs was. She cover'd her Face as ſoon as ſhe ſaw them come in, and cry'd out, your Majeſty ſurprizes me, in bringing a Man along with you I do not know, and by whom my Religion forbids me to let my ſelf be ſeen. Daughter, reply'd the King, you need not be ſcandaliz'd, it is only one of my *Emirs* that is come to demand you of me in Marriage. It is not, I perceive, he that you have already given me, reply'd the Princeſs, and your Majeſty may reſt aſſur'd I'll never marry any other.

Now, the *Emir* expected the Princeſs would have ſaid or done ſome extravagant Thing, and was not a little diſappointed when he heard her talk ſo calmly and rationally; for he then knew her Diſeaſe was nothing but a violent Love Paſſion, which he was by no Means able to cure. He therefore threw himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet, and ſaid, after what I have heard and obſerv'd, Sir, it will be to no purpoſe for me to think of curing the Princeſs, ſince I have no Remedies proper for her Malady; for which Reaſon I humbly ſubmit my Life to your Majeſty's Pleaſure. The King enrag'd at his Incapacity, and the Trouble he had given him, caus'd him immediately to be beheaded.

Some few Days after, his Majeſty unwilling to have it ſaid that he had neglected his Daughter's Cure, put forth a Proclamation in his capital City, importing, That if there were any Phyſician, Aſtrologer or Magician, who would undertake to reſtore the Princeſs to her Senſes, he need only come, and he ſhould be employ'd, provided he would be willing to loſe his Head if he miſcarry'd. He had the ſame thing publiſh'd in the other principal Cities and Towns of his Dominions, as likewiſe thoſe of the Neighbouring States.

The firſt that preſented himſelf was both an Aſtrologer and Magician, whom the King caus'd to be conducted to the Princeſs's Priſon by an Eunuch. The Aſtrologer, upon ſeeing his Patient, drew forth, out of a Bag he carry'd under his Arm, an *Aſtrolabe*, a ſmall Sphere, a Chaffing-Diſh, ſeveral ſorts of Drugs proper for Fumigations, a Braſs Pot, with many other Things, and deſir'd he might have a Fire lighted.

The Princeſs demanded what all theſe Preparations were for? Madam, anſwer'd the Eunuch, they are to exercise the evil Spirit that poſſeſſes you, and afterwards to ſhut him up in this Pot, and throw him into the Sea.

Fooliſh Aſtrologer, reply'd the Princeſs, I have no occaſion for any of your Preparations, but am in my perfect Senſes, and 'tis you alone are mad. If your Art can bring him I love to me, I ſhall be oblig'd to you, otherwiſe you may go about your Buſineſs, for I have nothing to do with you. Madam, ſaid the Aſtrologer, if your Caſe be ſo, I ſhall deſiſt from all Endeavours, believing the King your Father can only remedy your Diſaſter in this Particular: So putting up his Trinkets again, he march'd away very much concern'd that he had ſo eaſily undertaken to cure an imaginary ſick Perſon.

Coming to give an Account to the King of what he had done, he would not ſuffer the Eunuch to ſpeak for him, but began thus himſelf; According to what your Majeſty publiſh'd in your Proclamation, and what you are pleaſed to confirm to me your ſelf, I thought the Princeſs was diſtracted, and therefore had provided all I believ'd neceſſary to reſtore her to her Senſes, purſuant to the *Noſtrums* I have; but to my great Amazement, when I came to behold her, I found ſhe had no other Diſeaſe but that of Love, over which the utmoſt Extremity of my Art had no Power: Your Majeſty then may be pleas'd to conſider, that you alone are the Phyſician can cure her, by giving her the Perſon in Marriage whom ſhe deſires.

The King, upon hearing this, was very much enrag'd at the Aſtrologer, and had his Head cut off upon the Spot. Now, not to fatigue your Majeſty with long Repetitions, proceeded *Scheherazade* to the *Sultan*, I will acquaint you in few Words, that ſo many Aſtrologers, Phyſicians, Magicians and the like, came upon this Account, that they in all amounted to above fifty, who nevertheleſs all underwent the ſame Fate; and their Heads were ſet upon Poles on every Gate of the City.

The Story of Marzavan, *with the Sequel of that of Prince of* Camaralzaman.

THE Princeſs of *China*'s Nurſe, proceeded the Sultaneſs, had a Son whoſe Name was *Marzavan*, and who had been Foſter-Brother to the Princeſs. Their Friendſhip was ſo great during their Childhood, that they call'd each other Brother and Siſter, which even continu'd ſome time after their Separation.

This *Marzavan*, among other Studies, had from his Youth been much addicted to Judicial Aſtrology, Geomancy, and the like ſecret Arts, wherein he became exceeding skilful. Not content with what he had learn'd from Maſters, he travell'd, and there was hardly any Perſon of Note in any Science but he knew him; ſo great was his Thirſt after Knowledge.

After ſeveral Years Abſence in Foreign Parts, on this Account, he returned to the capital City of his native Country *China*, where ſeeing ſo many Heads on the Gate by which he enter'd, he was exceedingly ſurpriz'd; and coming to his Lodging demanded for what Reaſon they had been plac'd there; but more eſpecially he inform'd himſelf of the Condition of the Princeſs his Foſter-Siſter, whom he had forgot. As he could not be made acquainted with one, without having an Account of the other, he, for the preſent, ſatisfy'd himſelf with what he heard, 'till ſuch Time as he could learn more from his Mother, the Princeſs's Nurſe.

Here *Scheherazade* left off, ſeeing the Day appear, but reſum'd her Diſcourſe the Night following, thus;

The Two Hundred and Nineteenth Night.

SIR, ſaid the Sultaneſs, although the Nurſe, Mother to *Marzavan*, was very much employ'd about the Princeſs, yet ſhe no ſooner heard her dear Son was return'd, but ſhe found Time to come and embrace, and ſtay with him a little. Having told him, with Tears in his Eyes, what a ſad Condition the Princeſs was in, and for what Reaſon the King her Father had confin'd her, he deſir'd to know of his Mother, if ſhe could not procure him the Sight of her Royal Miſtreſs, without the King's knowing any thing of it. After ſome Pauſe, ſhe told him ſhe could ſay nothing to the Matter for the Preſent, but if he would meet her next Day at the ſame Hour, ſhe would give him her Anſwer.

Now the Nurſe knowing none could approach the Princeſs but her ſelf, without leave of the Eunuch, who commanded the Guard at the Gate, ſhe addreſs'd her ſelf to him, whom ſhe believ'd was ignorant of what had formerly paſs'd at the Court of *China*; You know, ſaid ſhe, I have brought up and ſuckled the Princeſs, and may likewiſe have heard, that I had a Daughter whom I brought up along with her. Now this Daughter has been ſince marry'd, yet the Princeſs ſtill does her the Honour to remember her, and would fain ſee her, but ſhe would do it without any body's perceiving her coming in or out.

The Nurſe would have gone on, but the Eunuch cry'd, Say no more, it is ſufficient, I will do any thing to oblige the Princeſs; do you go and fetch your Daughter, or ſend for her about Mid-night, and the Gate ſhall be open to you.

As ſoon as Night came, Nurſe went to look for her Son *Marzavan*, and having found him, dreſs'd him ſo artificially in Woman's Cloaths, that no body could know he was a Man. She carry'd him along with her; and the Eunuch, verily believing it was a Woman, admitted them without any more ado.

Nurſe, before ſhe thought fit to preſent *Marzavan*, went to the Princeſs, and ſaid, Madam, This is not a Woman I have brought to you, it is my Son *Marzavan*, newly arriv'd from his Travels, who having a great deſire to kiſs your Hand; I hope your Highneſs will admit him to that Honour?

What? My Brother *Marzavan*, ſaid the Princeſs, with a great deal of Joy; come hither, my Dear, cry'd ſhe, and take off that Veil; for 'tis not unreaſonable ſure, that a Brother and Siſter ſhould ſee each other barefac'd.

Marzavan ſaluted her with profound Reſpect, when ſhe, without giving him Leave to ſpeak, cry'd out; I am rejoyc'd to ſee you return'd in good Health, after ſo many Years Abſence, and without ſending the leaſt Account all the while of your Welfare to your good Mother.

Madam, reply'd *Marzavan*, I am infinitely oblig'd to your Highneſs for your Goodneſs, in rejoycing at my Health; I alſo no ſooner landed in my Native Country, but I enquir'd after yours, and heard what to my great Affliction I am now Witneſs of; nevertheleſs, I cannot but rejoice, that I am come ſeaſonably enough to bring your Highneſs that Remedy for your Cure, which ſo many others have fail'd of; and though I ſhould reap no other Fruit of my long Voyage, yet I ſhould think my ſelf conſiderably recompens'd for my great Charge and Hazard by that one Happineſs.

Speaking theſe Words, *Marzavan* drew forth a Book, and other Things out of his Pocket, which he judg'd neceſſary to be us'd, according to the Relation he had had from his Mother of the Princeſs's Diſtemper. The Princeſs ſeeing him make all theſe Preparations, cry'd out! What! Brother, are you then one of thoſe that believe me mad? Undeceive your ſelf, and hearken to what I ſhall ſay to you.

The Princeſs then began to relate to *Marzavan* all the Particulars of her Story, without omitting the leaſt Circumſtance even to the Ring, which was exchang'd for hers, and which ſhe ſhew'd him. I have not conceal'd the leaſt Matter from you, quoth ſhe; yet 'tis true, there is ſomething that I can't comprehend, which has given Occaſion for ſome Perſons to think me mad; but as for the reſt, it is literally as I tell you.

After the Princeſs had done ſpeaking, *Marzavan*, fill'd with wonder and Aſtoniſhment, continu'd for ſome Time with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, without ſpeaking a Word; but at length he found his Tongue, and having lifted up his Head, ſaid; If it be ſo as your Highneſs ſays, and which I do not in the leaſt doubt, I queſtion not to procure you that Satisfaction you deſire; but I muſt firſt entreat your Highneſs to arm your ſelf with Patience, till ſuch Time as I ſhall return; for I am reſolved to ſet out once more in queſt of this Perſon, and at my coming back, you may expect to have him you love not far from you. So ſaying, *Marzavan* took leave of the Princeſs, and ſet out next Morning on his intended Voyage.

He travell'd from City to City, from Province to Province, and from Iſland to Iſland, and in every Place he paſs'd thro' he could hear of nothing but the Princeſs *Badoura*, (ſo was the Princeſs of *China's* Name) and her Hiſtory.

About four Months after, our Traveller arriv'd at *Torf*, a Sea-port Town, both great and populous, where he no more heard of the Princeſs *Badoura*, but all the Talk was of Prince *Camaralzaman*, who was ſick, and whoſe Hiſtory was very like that of the Princeſs. *Marzavan* extreamly fond to hear this, inform'd himſelf of the Place where the Prince was to be found, to which one might go either by Land and Sea, or by Sea only, which laſt was the ſhorteſt Way.

Marzavan choſe the latter; ſo embarking on board a Merchant-Ship, he arriv'd ſafe in Sight of King *Schahzaman's* Capital; but entring the Port, his Ship happen'd to ſtrike againſt a Rock, whereby being founder'd, it ſunk downright, in Sight of Prince *Camaralzaman's* Caſtle, where was at that Time the King and his Grand *Vizier*.

Marzavan could ſwim very well, therefore immediately caſt himſelf into the Sea upon the Ship's ſinking, and got ſafe on Shore under the Caſtle, where he was ſoon reliev'd by the Grand *Vizier's* Order. After he had chang'd his Cloaths, and been well treated, he was introduc'd to the Grand *Vizier*, who had ſent for him.

Now *Marzavan* being a young Man of good Addreſs, and a good Air; this Miniſter was very civil to him, eſpecially when he heard him give ſuch juſt and pertinent Anſwers to what was ask'd of him: He alſo perceiv'd he was learned, therefore ſaid to him; for what I can underſtand, you have travell'd a great Way, and muſt needs have acquir'd much Knowledge; but would to God you had learn'd any Secret for curing a certain Malady which has greatly afflicted this Court for a long while.

Marzavan reply'd, If he knew what Malady that was, he might perhaps have found a Remedy for it.

Then the Grand *Vizier* related to him the whole Story of Prince *Camaralzaman*, taking it from its Origin, and concealing nothing of his deſir'd Birth, his Education, the Inclination the King his Father had to ſee him early marry'd, his Averſion to Marriage, his diſobeying his Father in full Council, his Impriſonment, his pretended Extravagances in Priſon, which, he ſaid, were afterwards chang'd into a violent Paſſion for a certain unknown Lady, who, he pretended, had exchang'd a Ring with him, though, for his Part, he verily believ'd there was no ſuch Perſon in the World.

Marzavan gave great Attention to all the Grand *Vizier* ſaid, and was infinitely rejoyc'd to find that by Means of his Shipwreck, he had ſo fortunately light on the Perſon he was looking after. He ſaw no reaſon to doubt, but Prince *Camaralzaman* was the Man the Princeſs of *China* was in love with; therefore, without diſcovering any thing farther to the *Vizier*, he deſir'd to ſee him, whereby, he ſaid, he might be better able to judge of his Diſtemper. Follow me then, ſaid the Grand *Vizier*, and you'll find the King with him, who has already deſir'd I ſhould introduce you to him.

The firſt Thing that ſtartl'd *Marzavan* at his Entrance into the Prince's Chamber, was to find him upon his Bed languiſhing, and his Eyes ſhut. Although he ſaw him in that Condition, and although the King his Father was ſitting by him, he could not help crying out, Heavens! was there ever any greater Reſemblance than this! He meant in their Faces; for it ſeems the Princeſs and Prince were much alike.

Theſe Words of *Marzavan* excited the Prince's Curioſity ſo far, that he vouchſafed to open his Eyes, and look upon him. *Marzavan*, who had a great deal of Wit, laid hold of that Opportunity, and made his Compliment in Verſe, *Extempore*, which nevertheleſs he did in ſuch a diſguis'd Manner, that neither the King nor Grand *Vizier* underſtood any thing of the Matter. However, he repreſented ſo nicely what had happen'd to the Princeſs of *China*, that the Prince had no room to doubt but he knew her, and could give him Tidings of her. This made him ſo joyful, that the Effects of it plentifully ſhew'd themſelves in his Eyes and Looks.

The Sultaneſs had not Time to proceed any further that Night, but next Night went on with her Story, as follows.

The Two Hundred and Twentieth Night.

SIR, ſaid ſhe to the Sultan, after *Marzavan* had finiſh'd his Compliment in Verſe, which ſurpriz'd Prince *Camaralzaman* ſo agreeably, his Highneſs took the Liberty to make a Sign to the King his Father, to go from the Place where he was, and let *Marzavan* ſit by him.

The King o'er-joy'd at this Alteration, which gave him Hopes of his Son's ſpeedy Recovery, quitted his Place, and taking *Marzavan* by the Hand, led him to it, obliging him to ſit in it. Then his Majeſty demanded of him who he was, and whence he came? and upon *Marzavan*'s anſwering he was a Subject of *China*, and came from that Kingdom, the King cry'd out, Heaven grant you may be able to withdraw my Son from this profound Melancholy, and I ſhall have eternal Obligations to you, which I will do my utmoſt to gratify beyond what was ever done. Having ſaid thus, he left the Prince to entertain himſelf with the Stranger, whilſt he went and rejoyc'd with the Grand *Vizier* upon this happy Rencounter.

Marzavan leaning down to the Prince, ſpoke low in his Ear thus: My Lord, ſaid he, It is high Time your Highneſs ſhould ceaſe to grieve. The Lady, on whoſe account you lament ſo bitterly I know; it is the Princeſs *Badoura*, Daughter of *Gaiour*, King of *China*. This I can aſſure your Highneſs, both on Account of what ſhe has told me of her Adventure, and what I have learn'd of yours. You may alſo depend upon it, that ſhe has undergone no leſs on your Account, than you have done on hers. Here he began to relate all that he knew of the Princeſs from the fatal Time of their Interview, after that extraordinary Manner.

He omitted not to acquaint him, how thoſe had far'd who had fail'd in their Pretences to cure the Princeſs of her Indiſpoſition. But your Highneſs is the only Perſon, added he, that can cure her effectually; and therefore it were no Matter how ſoon you ſet about it. However, before you undertake ſo great a Voyage, I would have you perfectly recover'd, and then we'll take ſuch Meaſures as are neceſſary.

This Diſcourſe had a marvellous Effect on the Prince. He found ſo great Benefit by it, thro' the Hopes he conceiv'd of ſpeedily fulfilling his Deſires, that he had Strength ſufficient to riſe, and accordingly begg'd Leave of his Father to dreſs himſelf before him, with ſuch an Air, as gave the old King incredible Satisfaction.

King *Schahzaman* immediately fell embracing *Marzavan*, without enquiring into the Means that had wrought this wonderful Effect, and ſoon after went out of the Prince's Chamber with the Grand *Vizier*, to publiſh this agreeable News to his People. He on this Occaſion order'd publick Rejoycings for ſeveral Days together, and moreover gave great Largeſſes to his Officers, Alms to the Poor, and caus'd the Priſoners to be ſet at Liberty throughout his Kingdom. Every City reſounded with Joy, and every Corner of his Dominions felt the Effect of his Bounty.

Prince *Camaralzaman*, tho' he had been extreamly weaken'd by almoſt continual Watchings and Abſtinence, yet contrary to all Expectation, ſoon recover'd his impair'd Health. When he found himſelf in a Condition to undertake the Voyage, he took *Marzavan* aſide, and ſaid, Dear *Marzavan*, It is now time to perform the Promiſe you have made me. I burn with Impatience to ſee the charming Princeſs, and if you do not ſpeedily give me an Opportunity to put an End to her Torments and my own, by ſetting out on our Journey, I ſhall ſoon relapſe into my former Condition, and then perhaps you may not find it ſo eaſy to cure me, as you have now done. But one Thing ſtill afflicts me, continued he, and that is the Difficulty I ſhall meet with in getting Leave of my Father to go. You ſee he ſcarce ever leaves me, therefore if you don't aſſiſt me in this Particular I am undone.

At theſe Words the Prince fell a weeping and would not be comforted till *Marzavan* ſaid, Let not your Highneſs be griev'd at that, for I'll warrant I'll get you your Liberty, ſo that he ſhan't ſtop us. My principal Deſign in this Voyage was to deliver the Princeſs of *China*, my Miſtreſs, from her Grief, and I ſhould fail in my Duty to her, if I did not do my beſt Endeavour to effect it. This is then the Means I have contriv'd to obtain your Liberty: You have not ſtirr'd abroad for ſome time, therefore let the King your Father underſtand you have a Mind to take the

Air, and, if he pleaſes, to go and hunt two ar three Days with me. No doubt he will grant your Requeſt; which, when he has done, order two good Horſes to be got ready in a certain Place, and leave the reſt to me.

Next Day Prince *Camaralzaman* did as he had been adviſ'd. He acquainted the King he was deſirous to take the Air, and, if he pleas'd, wou'd go and hunt two or three Days with *Marzavan*. The King gave his Conſent, but bid him be ſure not to lie out above one Night, ſince too much Exerciſe might injure his Health, and too long Abſence create his Majeſty ſome Uneaſineſs. He then order'd him the beſt Horſes in his Stable, and took particular Care that nothing ſhould be wanting for his Diverſion. When all was ready, his Majeſty embrac'd the Prince, and having recommended to *Marzavan* the Care of him, he left them.

Prince *Camaralzaman* and *Marzavan* were ſoon mounted, when to amuſe the two Grooms that led the freſh Horſes, they made as if they would hunt, and ſo got as far off the City, and out of the Road, as was poſſible. When Night began to approach, they alighted at a *Caravanſera*, or Inn, where they ſupp'd and ſlept till about Midnight, when *Marzavan* awak'd the Prince without awaking the Grooms, and deſir'd his Highneſs to to let him have his Suit, to take another for himſelf, which was brought in his Sempter. Thus equipp'd, they mounted the freſh Horſes, and after *Marzavan* had taken one of the Groom's Horſes by the Bridle, they ſet out a good round Pace.

At Day-break they were got into a Foreſt, where coming to the Meeting of four Roads, *Marzavan* went aſide, and deſir'd the Prince to wait for him a little. He then cut the Groom's Horſe's Throat, and after having torn the Prince's Suit he had on, beſmearing it with Blood, he threw it into the High-way.

The Prince demanded his Reaſon for what he had done. He told his Highneſs, he was ſure the King his Father would no ſooner come to know that he was departed without the Grooms, but he would ſuſpect ſomething, and immediately ſend in Queſt of them. Now, ſaid *Marzavan*, to the End that when they come to this Place they may ſtop, and think you devour'd by wild Beaſts, I have done this, ſo that by this Means we may have Leiſure to continue our Journey without Fear of Purſuit. I muſt needs confeſs, continu'd *Marzavan*, this is a violent Way of Proceeding, to alarm an old Father with the Death of his Son, whom he loves ſo paſſionately: But then on the other Hand, the News of your Welfare, which he may ſoon have, will in a great Meaſure alleviate his Grief, and make ſome Amends for your Abſence. Brave *Marzavan*, reply'd the Prince, I cannot ſufficiently admire your Conduct, and I have all the Obligations in the World to you for it.

This ſaid, the Prince and *Marzavan*, well provided with Caſh for their Expences, continu'd their Journey both by Land and Sea, and found no other Obſtacle but the Length of the Way, which they were forc'd to undergo. They however, arriv'd at length at the Capital of *China*, where *Marzavan*, inſtead of going to his Lodging, carry'd the Prince to a publick Inn. They tarry'd there *incognito* three Days to reſt themſelves, during which Time *Marzavan* caus'd an Aſtrologer's Habit to be made for the Prince. The three Days being expir'd, they went together to the *Bagnio*, the Prince putting on his Aſtrologer's Habit, and from thence *Marzavan* conducted him in Sight of the King of *China*'s Palace, where he left him, to go and acquaint his Mother, the Princeſs *Badoura*'s Nurſe, of his Arrival, to the End he might give the like Information to the Princeſs her Miſtreſs.

The Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* had ſcarce utter'd theſe Words, but ſhe obſerv'd the Day to appear, which made her leave off, but ſhe began again the Night following, and ſaid,

The Two Hundred and Twenty Firſt Night.

SIR, Prince *Camaralzaman*, inſtructed by *Marzavan*, what he was to do, and provided with all he wanted as an Aſtrologer, came next Morning to the Gate of the King's Palace, and cry'd aloud, I am an Aſtrologer, and am come to effect a Cure on the moſt beautiful Princeſs *Badoura*, Daughter of the moſt high and mighty Monarch, *Gaiour*, King of *China*, on the Conditions propoſed by his Majeſty, to marry her if I ſucceed, or elſe to loſe my Life for my fruitleſs and preſumptuous Attempt.

Over and above the Guards and Porters at the Gate, this Novelty drew together a great Number of People about Prince *Camaralzaman*. There had no Phyſician, *Aſtro*loger, nor Magician, appear'd for a long Time on this Account, deterr'd by the many tragical Examples of ill Succeſs that appear'd before their Eyes, 'twas therefore thought there were either no more of theſe Profeſſions in the World, or at leaſt that there were no more ſo mad as thoſe that had gone before them.

The Prince's good Mein, noble Air, and blooming youth, made every Body pity him that ſaw him. What d'ye mean, Sir, ſaid ſome that were neareſt to him, to expoſe thus your Life, that promiſes ſo much, to a certain Death? Can't the Heads you ſee on all the Gates of this City deter you from ſuch an Undertaking? In the Name of God, conſider what you do! and abandon this raſh Attempt.

The Prince continu'd firm, notwithſtanding the Remonſtrances made to him; and as he ſaw no body come to introduce him, he repeated the ſame Cry with a Voice that made every Body tremble. They all then cry'd, Let him alone, he's reſolv'd to die; God have Mercy upon his Soul. He then proceeded to cry out a third Time in the ſame Manner, when the Grand Vizier came in Perſon, and introduc'd him to the King of *China*.

As ſoon as the Prince came into the King's Preſence, he bowed and kiſſed the Floor. The King who, of all that had hitherto expos'd their Lives on this Occaſion, had not ſeen one worthy to caſt his Eyes upon before, had now a real Compaſſion for the Prince *Camaralzaman*, on Account of the Danger he was about to undergo. But as he ſaw him more deſerving than ordinary, he did him more Honour, and made him come and ſit by him. Young Man, ſaid he, I can hardly believe you at this Age can have acquir'd Experience enough to enable you to cure my Daughter. I will give her to you with all my Heart on that Account; nay, more willingly than I ſhould have done to others, that have offer'd themſelves before you; but then I muſt declare to you at the ſame Time, with a great deal of Concern, that if you don't ſucceed in your Attempt, notwithſtanding your noble Appearance, and exceeding beautiful Youth, you muſt loſe your Head.

Sir, reply'd the Prince, I have infinite Obligations to your Majeſty for the Honour you deſign me, tho' a Stranger; but I deſire your Majeſty to believe I would not have come from ſo remote a Country, as I have done, and which perhaps may be unknown in your Dominions; if I had not been certain of the Cure I propoſe. What might not be ſaid of my Inconſtancy of Temper, if after ſo great Fatigues and Dangers as I have undergone on this Account, I ſhould abandon the generous Enterprize I had engag'd in? Even your Majeſty would ſoon loſe that Reſpect you have done me the Honour to ſhew me, if I appear'd ſo daſtardly and mean ſpirited. I beſeech your Majeſty therefore to let me no longer delay the Experiment I am certain of, but to give me leave to diſplay the utmoſt of my Art, which I doubt not will be to your Majeſty's Satisfaction, as well as my great Happineſs.

Then the King commanded the Eunuch, who had the Guard of the Princeſs to introduce Prince *Camaralzaman* into her Apartment: But before he would let him go, he was ſo kind as to remember him once more of the Hazard he underwent; yet the Prince ſeem'd reſolv'd; ſo the King ſuffer'd him to follow the Eunuch.

When they came to a long Gallery, at the End of which was the Princeſs's Apartment: The Prince thro' Impatience to ſee once more the Object of his Vows, who had occaſion'd him ſo much Grief, got before the Eunuch, walking as faſt as he could walk.

The Eunuch redoubling his Pace, with much ado got up with him, when taking him by the Arm, he cry'd, Whither away ſo faſt, Sir? You can't get in without me; and it ſhould ſeem you have a great Deſire for Death, that can run to it ſo head-long. Never any of all thoſe many Aſtrologers and Magicians I have introduc'd before, made ſuch Haſte as yourſelf, to a Place whither I fear you'll come but too ſoon.

Friend, reply'd the Prince, continuing his Pace, and looking earneſtly on the Eunuch. This was becauſe never any of your Aſtrologers or Magicians before me, were ſo ſure of their Art as I am: They were certain indeed they ſhould die, if they did not ſucceed, but they had no Certainty, at the ſame Time, of their Succeſs, as I have: On this Account, they had Reaſon to tremble at approaching the Place whither I go, and where I am ſure to find my Happineſs. He had juſt ſpoke theſe Words, as he was at the Door: The Eunuch open'd it, and introduc'd him into a great Hall, whence there was an Entrance into he Princeſs's Chamber, divided from it only by a Piece of Tapeſtry.

Prince *Camaralzaman* ſpeaking more ſoftly to the Eunuch, ask'd him before he enter'd, whether he would chooſe that he ſhould cure the Princeſs in his Preſence, or where he was, without going any further, telling him in the ſame ſoft Tone that no body might hear him in the Princeſs's Chamber, he made him that frank Offer, to ſhew him 'twas not preſumptuous Caprice, not Heat of Youth, which put him upon the Enterprize.

The Eunuch was very much amaz'd to hear the Prince talk to him with ſuch Aſſurance: He left off inſulting him, and ſaid ſeriouſly to him, 'Tis no Matter whether you do it here or there, provided the Buſineſs is done: Cure her how you will, you will get immortal Honour by it, not only in this Court, but over all the World.

The Prince reply'd, 'Twill be beſt then to cure her without ſeeing her, that you may be Witneſs of my Skill; though I cannot without Impatience put off my ſeeing a Princeſs of her Rank, who's to be my Wife; yet, out of Reſpect to you, I will deprive my ſelf of that Pleaſure for a little while. He was furniſh'd with every thing proper for an Aſtrologer to carry about him; and taking Pen, Ink and Paper, out of his Pocket, wrote this Billet to the Princeſs.

Prince Camaralzaman *to the Princeſs of* China.

Adorable Princeſs!

THE love ſick Prince *Camaralzaman* will not trouble you with the Pains that he has endur'd, ever ſince that fatal Night, in which your Charms depriv'd him of that Liberty, which he reſolv'd to preſerve as long as he liv'd; he only tells you, that he devoted his Heart to you, in your charming Slumbers: Thoſe Slumbers that hinder'd him from beholding the Brightneſs of your piercing Eyes, in Spight of all his Endeavours to oblige you to open them. He preſum'd to preſent you with his Ring as a Token of his Paſſion; and in Exchange would be proud to receive yours, which he encloſes in this Billet. If you will condeſcend to return it, as a reciprocal Aſſurance of your Love, he will reckon himſelf the happieſt of all Lovers: If not, the Sentence of Death, which your Refuſal brings him, will be receiv'd with the more Reſignation, becauſe he dies for Love of you. He waits in your Antichamber for your Anſwer.

When the Prince had finiſh'd his Billet, he made it up, and enclos'd it with the Ring in a little Packet, without letting the Eunuch ſee what he did. When he had ſeal'd it, he gave it to him: There, Friend, ſays he, carry it to your Miſtreſs; if it does not cure her as ſoon as ſhe reads it, and ſees what is inclos'd in it, I give you Leave to tell every Body, that I am the moſt ignorant and impudent Aſtrologer that ever was, is, or ever will be.

Scheherazade was hinder'd from going on with her Story by the dawning Day; but the next Night ſhe continu'd it, and ſpoke thus to the Sulan of the *Indies*.

The Two Hundred and Twenty Firſt Night.

SIR, the Eunuch entering the Princeſs of *China*'s Chamber, gave her the Packet he receiv'd from Prince *Camaralzaman*. Madam, ſays he, the boldeſt Aſtrologer that ever liv'd, if I am not miſtaken, is arrived here, and pretends, that on reading of this Letter, and ſeeing what is in it, you will be cur'd; I wiſh he may prove neither a Liar or Impoſtor.

The Princeſs *Badcura* took the Billet, and open'd it with a great deal of Indifference; but when ſhe ſaw the Ring, ſhe had not Patience to read it through. She roſe haſtily, broke the Chain that held her down with ſtruggling, ran and open'd the Door. She knew the Prince as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, and he her: They preſently embrac'd each other, with all imaginable Tenderneſs, and without being able to ſay a Word for Exceſs of Joy: They look'd on one another, admiring how they met again after their firſt Interview.

terview. The Princeſs's Nurſe, who ran to the Door with her, made them come into her Chamber, where the Princeſs *Badoura* gave the Prince her Ring, ſaying, Take it, I cannot fairly keep it without reſtoring yours, which I will never part with; neither yours nor mine can be in better Hands.

The Eunuch went immediately to the King, to tell him what had happen'd; Sir, ſays he, all the Aſtrologers and Doctors, who have hitherto pretended to cure the Princeſs, are a Company of Fools, in Compariſon of him who came laſt. He made uſe neither of Schemes nor Conjurations of Perfumes, or any Thing elſe, but cur'd her without ſeeing her. Then he told the King how he did it: The Monarch was agreeably ſurpriz'd at the News, and going preſently to the Princeſs's Chamber, embrac'd her; and then the King took his Hand and join'd it to the Princeſs's. Happy Stranger, ſays the King, I will keep my Word, and give you my Daughter to be your Wife; though by what I ſee in you, 'tis impoſſible for me to believe you are really what you wou'd appear, and have me believe you to be.

Prince *Camaralzaman* thank'd the King in the moſt humble Expreſſions, that he might the better ſhew his Gratitude. As for my Perſon, ſaid he, I muſt own I am not an Aſtrologer, as your Majeſty very judiciouſly gueſs'd, I only put on the Habit of one, that I might ſucceed the more eaſily in my Ambition to be ally'd to the moſt Potent Monarch in the World. I was born a Prince, am the Son of a King and of a Queen, my Name is *Camaralzaman*, my Father's *Schahzaman*, who reigns over the Iſlands that are well enough known by the Name of the Iſles of the Children of *Khaledan*. He then told him the Adventures of his Life, and how wonderful was the Riſe of his Love. That the Princeſs's was altogether as marvellous, and were both confirm'd by the Exchange of two Rings.

When the Prince had done ſpeaking, the King ſaid to him, This Hiſtory is ſo extraordinary, it deſerves to be known to Poſterity; an Account ſhall be taken of it, and the Original being depoſited in my Royal *Archieves*, I will ſpread Copies of it abroad, that my own Kingdoms, and the Kingdoms around me, may know it.

The Marriage was ſolemniz'd the ſame Day, and the Rejoicings for it were univerſal all over the Empire of *China*. Nor was *Marzavan* forgotten: The King gave him an honourable Poſt in his Court immediately, and a Promiſe to advance him higher afterwards.

Prince *Camaralzaman*, and the Princeſs *Badoura* enjoy'd the fulneſs of their Wiſhes in the Sweets of Marriage; and the King kept continual Feaſtings for ſeveral Months, to ſhew his Joy on this Occaſion.

In the midſt of theſe Pleaſures, Prince *Camaralzaman* dreamt one Night that he ſaw his Father *Schahzaman* on his Death bed ready to give up the Ghoſt, and heard him ſpeak thus to his Attendants, My Son, whom I ſo tenderly lov'd, my Son, whom I bred with ſo much Fondneſs, ſo much Care, has abandon'd me, and is himſelf the Cauſe of my Death. He awoke, and ſigh'd; his Sighs awoke the Princeſs, who ask'd him the Reaſon of them.

Alas! My Love, cry'd the Prince, perhaps in the very Moment that I am ſpeaking it, my Father is no more. He then acquainted her with his melancholy Dream, and why that ſad Thought came into his Head. The Princeſs, who ſtudy'd to pleaſe him in every Thing, preſently contriv'd a Way to do it, and fearing that he would take leſs Delight in her Company, if he was kept from ſeeing his Father, went to her own Father that very Day, and finding him alone, kiſs'd his Hand, and thus addreſs'd herſelf to him; Sir, I have a Favour to beg of your Majeſty, and I beſeech you not to deny me; but that you may not believe I am put upon it by the Prince my Husband, I aſſure you before-hand he knows nothing of my asking it of you: 'Tis, that you will give Leave for me to go and ſee King *Schahzaman*, my Father-in-Law.

The King reply'd, Daughter, tho' I ſhall be very ſorry to loſe your Company, and part with you for ſo long a Time, as a Journey to a Place ſo diſtant will take up; yet I cannot diſapprove of your Reſolution: 'Tis worthy of your ſelf; Go Child, I give you Leave, but on Condition that you ſtay no longer than a Year in King *Schahzaman*'s Court. I hope the King will be willing to come to this Agreement with me, that we, in our Turns, may ſee, he, his Son, and Daughter-in-Law; and I, my Daughter, and my Son-in-Law.

The Princeſs communicated the King of *China*'s Conſent to Prince *Camaralzaman*, who was tranſported to hear it, and gave her a thouſand Thanks for this new Token of her Love.

The King of *China* commanded Preparations to be made for the Journey, and when all Things were ready, he accompany'd the Prince and Princeſs ſeveral Leagues in their Way; when they came to part, great was the Weeping on all Sides; the King embrac'd them, and deſir'd the Prince to be kind to his Daughter, and to love her always with the ſame Paſſion he now lov'd her; ſo he left them to go forward in their Journey, and to divert himſelf, hunted all the Way as he return'd to his Capital City.

When Prince *Camaralzaman* and the Princeſs *Badoura* had dry'd up their Tears, and given over Mourning for their parting with the King of *China*, they comforted themſelves with the Thoughts, how glad King *Schazaman* would be to ſee them, and how they ſhould rejoyce to ſee the King.

They travelled about a Month inceſſantly, and at laſt came to a large Field, planted with tall Trees at convenient Diſtances, under whoſe Shade they went on very pleaſantly: The Weather being very hot, and that Day hotter than ordinary, *Camaralzaman*, thought it beſt to ſtay there during the Heat, and propos'd it to *Badoura*, who wiſhing for the very ſame Thing readily conſented to it. They alighted in one of the moſt agreeable Places of the Grove, a Tent was preſently ſet up; the Princeſs riſing from the Shade, under which ſhe ſat down, enter'd it, and the Prince order'd his Servants to pitch their Tents alſo, while they ſtayed there, and went himſelf to give them Directions how to do it. The Princeſs being weary with the Fatigues of the Journey, bad her Women untie her Girdle, which they laid down by her, and ſhe falling aſleep, her Attendance left her by her ſelf.

Prince *Camaralzaman* having ſeen all Things in Order, came to the Tent where the Princeſs was ſleeping; he enter'd, and ſat down without making any Noiſe, intending to take a Nap himſelf; but obſerving the Princeſs's Girdle lying by her, he took it up, and looked upon the Diamonds and Rubies one by one: In doing it he ſaw a little Purſe hanging to it, ty'd faſt with a Ribbon; he felt it, and found there was ſomething in it: Being deſirous to know what it was, he open'd the Purſe, and took out a *Cornelian*, engraven with unknown Figures and Characters. This *Cornelian*, ſays the Prince to himſelf, muſt have ſomething extraordinary in it, my Princeſs wou'd not be at the Trouble to carry it with her: And indeed 'twas *Badoura's Taliſman*, or a Scheme of her Nativity, drawn from the Conſtellations of Heaven, which the Queen of *China* had given her Daughter as a Charm, that would keep her from any Harm as long as ſhe had it about her.

The Prince, to ſee what the Taliſman was, took it out to the Light, the Tent being dark; and while he was holding it up in his Hand, a Bird darted down from the Air, and ſnatch'd it away from him.

The Day breaking, the Sultaneſs *Scheherazade*, ſaid no more, leaving the Continuation of the Story to the following Night, when ſhe went on thus.

The Two Hundred and Twenty Third Night.

YOUR Majeſty will eaſily conceive the Concern and Grief of Prince *Camaralzaman*, when he ſaw the Bird fly away with the Taliſman. † He was more troubled at it than Words can expreſs, and curſt his unſeaſonable Curioſity, by which Means he had loſt a Treaſure that was ſo precious, and ſo valu'd by his dear Princeſs.

The Story of Prince Camaralzaman's *Separation from the Princeſs of* Badoura.

THE Bird having got her Prize, pitch'd upon the Ground not far off, with the Taliſman in her Mouth, the Prince drew near it, in Hopes ſhe would drop it; but as he approached the Bird took Wing, and pitch'd again on the Ground farther off; *Camaralzaman* follow'd her, and the Bird having ſwallow'd the Taliſman, took a ſmall Flight farther off ſtill: The Prince being very dextrous at a Mark, thought to kill her with a Stone, and ſtill followed her; the farther ſhe flew, the more eager he grew in purſuing her, keeping her always in View. Thus the Bird drew him along from Hill to Valley, and Valley to Hill, all

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† *There's an Adventure like this in the Romance of* Peter *of* Provence, *and the fair* Maguelonna, *which was taken from the* Arabick.

Day, every Step leading him out of the Way from the Field where he left his Camp, and the Princeſs *Badoura*: And inſtead of preaching at Night on a Buſh, where he might probably have taken her, ſhe rooſted on a high Tree, ſafe from his Purſuit. The Prince vexing himſelf to the Heart, from taking ſo much Pains to no Purpoſe, thought of returning to the Camp; but alas! he thought of it too late: Whither ſhall he go? Which Way return? How will he find out the untractable Way of the Mountains, and the untrodden Paths of the Valleys? Darkneſs ſpread over the Heavens, and Night, and the Fatigues of his Day's Labour, would not ſuffer him to undertake ſo ſoon to return the Way he came, were there any Hopes of his finding it. Ah! quoth the deſpairing Lover, if I knew which Way to return, how durſt I appear before my Princeſs, without her Taliſman? Overwhelm'd with ſuch afflicting Thoughts, and tir'd with his Purſuit of the Bird, Sleep came upon him, and he lay down under a Tree, where he paſt the Night.

He awoke the next Morning before the Bird had left the Tree, and as ſoon as he ſaw her on the Wing, follow'd her again that whole Day, with no better Succeſs than he had done the laſt, eating nothing but Herbs or Fruits all the Way as he went; he did the ſame for ten Days together, purſuing the Bird, and keeping her in his Eye from Morning to Night, lying always under the Tree where ſhe rooſted. On the eleventh Day, the Bird ſtill flying, and *Camaralzaman* obſerving her, he came near a great City; the Bird made to it, flew over the Walls, and the Prince ſaw no more of her; ſo he deſpair'd of ever recovering the Princeſs *Badoura*'s Taliſman.

Camaralzaman, whoſe Grief was beyond Expreſſion, went to the City, which was built on the Sea-ſide, and had a fine Port; he walked up and down the Streets, without knowing where he was, or where to ſtop; at laſt he came to the Port, in as great Uncertainty as ever, what he ſhou'd do; walking along the River-ſide, he perceiv'd the Gate of a Garden open, and an old Gardener at work in it; the good Man looking up ſaw he was a Stranger and a Muſſulman; ſo he ask'd him to come in, and ſhut the Door after him.

Camaralzaman enter'd, and, as the Gardener bad him ſhut the Door, demanding of the Gardener why he was ſo cautious; becauſe, reply'd the old Man, I ſee you are a

Stranger, and a Muſſulman newly arriv'd; and this City is inhabited for the moſt part by *Idolaters*, who have a mortal Averſion to us Muſſulmen, and uſe thoſe few of us that are here with a great deal of Barbarity. I ſuppoſe you did not know this, and 'tis a Miracle that you have eſcap'd as you have done, conſidering how far you have come thro' them. Theſe Idolaters being very apt to fall upon Muſſulmen that are Strangers, or to draw them into a Snare, unleſs thoſe Strangers are inſtructed how to deal with, and beware of them.

Camaralzaman thank'd the honeſt Gardener for his Advice, and the Security he offer'd him in his Houſe; he would have ſaid more, but the good Man interrupted him; ſaying, Let us leave complementing, you are weary and want to refreſh your ſelf. Come in, eat what we have, and lie down to reſt, you are very welcome. He conducted him into his little Hutt, clean, tho' ſmall, and well defended from the Injuries of the Weather. He order'd the beſt Proviſions he had to be brought forth, and entertain'd the Prince ſo heartily, that he was charm'd with it, and at his Requeſt told him how he came there.

When he had ended his Story, without hiding any part of it from him, he ask'd him which was his neareſt Way to his Father's Territories; for 'tis in vain for me to think of finding my Princeſs where I left her, having been wandering eleven Days, as I have been, from that Place. Ah! continues he, how do I know ſhe is alive! and ſaying this, burſt out into Tears that would have melted the moſt cruel of the Idolaters. The Gardener reply'd, there was no Poſſibility of his going thither by Land, the Ways were ſo difficult and the Journey ſo long; beſides, there was no manner of Convenience for his ſubſiſting; or if there were, he muſt neceſſarily paſs through the Countries of many barbarous Nations, that he would never reach his Father's. That the quickeſt Paſſage for him would be to go to the Iſle of *Ebene*, whence he might eaſily tranſport himſelf to the Iſles of the Children of *Khaledan*; that there was a Ship which ſail'd from the Port where he was, every Year to *Ebene*, and he might take that Opportunity of returning to thoſe Iſlands. The Ship departed, ſaid he, but a few Days ago, and 'twill be almoſt a Year before it makes the Voyage again;

gain; if you will accept of my Houſe for your Habitation ſo long, you will be as welcome to it as to your own.

Prince *Camaralzaman* was glad he had met with ſuch an *Aſylum*, in a Place where he had no Knowledge of any, nor any Man of him, and where no body could think it their Intereſt to entertain or preſerve him. He accepted of the Offer, and liv'd with the Gardener 'till the Time came that the Ship was to ſail to the Iſle of *Ebene*. He ſpent his Time all Day in working in the Garden, and all Night in thinking of his dear Princeſs *Badoura*, in Sighs, Tears and Complaints. We muſt leave him in this Place a while, to return to the Princeſs, whom we left aſleep in her Tent.

The Story of the Princeſs Badoura, *after her Separation from Prince* Camaralzaman.

THE Princeſs ſlept a long Time, and when ſhe awoke, wonder'd that Prince *Camaralzaman* was not with her; ſhe call'd her Women, and ask'd 'em if they knew where he was gone: They told her they ſaw him enter the Tent, but did not ſee him go out again. While they were talking to her, ſhe ſpy'd her Girdle, ſaw it had been meddled with, and examining, found the little Purſe open, and that the Taliſman was loſt. She did not doubt but *Camaralzaman* had taken it to ſee what it was, and that he would bring it back with him. She waited for him impatiently till Night, and could not imagine what made him ſtay away from her ſo long.

When 'twas quite dark, and ſhe could hear nothing of him, ſhe fell into a violent Paſſion of Grief; ſhe curs'd the Taliſman, and he that made it, and had not ſhe been reſtrain'd by her Duty, would have curſt her Mother who gave it her. She was the more troubled, becauſe ſhe could not imagine how her Taliſman ſhou'd have caus'd the Prince's Separation from her; however, amidſt all her Sorrow, ſhe retain'd her Judgment, and came to a courageous Reſolution, not common with Perſons of her Sex.

She and her Women only knew of the Prince's being gone, for his Men were then aſleep, or refreſhing themſelves in their Tents. The Princeſs fearing they would betray her, if they had any Knowledge of it, firſt compos'd her Mind a little, and moderated her Grief, and forbad her Women to ſay or do any thing that might make them ſuſpect the Truth. Then ſhe undreſt her ſelf, and put on Prince *Camaralzaman*'s Suit, being ſo like him in it, that the next Day when ſhe came abroad, his Men took her for him.

She commanded them to pack up their Baggage and march forward; and when all things were ready, ſhe order'd one of her Women to go into her Sedan, ſhe her ſelf getting a Horſe-back, and riding by her Side.

They travell'd ſeveral Months by Land and Sea. The Princeſs continuing the Journey under the Name of *Camaralzaman*. They took the Iſland of *Ebene* in their Way to the Iſles of the Children of *Khaledan:* They went to the Capital of the Iſland, where a King reigned, whoſe Name was *Armanos*. The Perſons who firſt landed, giving out that they brought Prince *Camaralzaman*, who was returning from a long Voyage towards his own Country, and was forc'd to put in there by a Storm: The News of this Arrival was preſently carry'd to Court.

King *Armanos*, accompany'd by moſt of his Courtiers, went immediately to wait on the Prince, and met the Princeſs juſt as ſhe was landing, and going to the Lodgings that had been taken up for her. He receiv'd her as the Son of a King, who was his Friend, with whom he always kept a fair Correſpondence, and carry'd her to the Palace, where an Apartment was prepar'd for her and all her Attendants; though ſhe would fain have excus'd her ſelf, and have lodg'd in a private Houſe. Beſides this, he was ſo courteous, that doing her common Honours would not content him, he entertain'd her three Days together with extraordinary Magnificence and Royal Feſtivals.

The Days of Feaſting being over, and King *Armanos* underſtanding that the Princeſs, whom he ſtill took for Prince *Camaralzaman*, talk'd of going abroad again to proceed on her Voyage: He was ſo charm'd with the Air and Qualities of ſuch an accompliſh'd Prince as he took her to be, that he watch'd his Opportunity, when ſhe was alone, and ſpoke to her in this Manner; you ſee, Prince, that I am old and cannot hope to live long, 'tis my great

Trouble that I have not a Son to whom I may leave my Crown. Heaven has only bleſs'd me with one Daughter, who cannot deſire to be more happy than a Prince of your Virtues can make her, whoſe Merit is equal with your Birth. Inſtead of going Home, ſtay and take her from my Hand; with her I will give you my Kingdom, retreat my ſelf to a quiet Life, free from the Buſineſs and Cares of the World, having long enough had the weight of the Crown upon me; and nothing could be a greater Pleaſure to me, in my Retirement, than to conſider what a worthy Succeſſor ſits in my Throne, and rules my happy People.

The Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* would have gone on, but the Day appearing hinder'd her; the next Night ſhe continu'd the Story, ſpeaking thus to the Sultan of the *Indies.*

The Two Hundred and Twenty Fourth Night.

SIR, the King of the Iſle of *Ebene*'s generous Offer, to beſtow his only Daughter in Marriage on the Princeſs *Badoura,* who could not accept of it, becauſe ſhe was a Woman, gave her an unexpected Trouble, and ſhe could not preſently think of a way to extricate her ſelf out of it: She thought 'twould not become a Princeſs of her Rank to deceive the King, and to own that ſhe was not Prince *Camaralzaman*, but his Wife, when ſhe had aſſured him ſhe was he himſelf; whoſe Part ſhe had hitherto acted ſo well, that her Sex was not in the leaſt ſuſpected; ſhe was alſo afraid to refuſe him, ſeeing him ſo much bent upon the Concluſion of the Marriage, that there was reaſon to apprehend his Kindneſs would turn to Averſion and Hatred, if the Honour he offer'd her was rejected, and he might attempt ſomething ev'n againſt her Life. Beſides ſhe was not ſure of finding Prince *Camaralzaman* in the Court of King *Schazaman* his Father.

Theſe Conſiderations added to the Proſpect of obtaining a Kingdom for the Prince her Husband, in caſe ſhe found him again, made her reſolve to do what King *Armanos* would have her, and marry his Daughter: So after having ſtood ſilent for ſome Minutes, ſhe with Bluſhes, which the King took for a Sign of her Modeſty, anſwer'd Sir, I am infinitely oblig'd to your Majeſty for your good Opinion of me, for the Honour you do me, and the great Favour you offer me, which I cannot pretend to merit, and dare not refuſe.

But, Sir, continues ſhe, I cannot accept of this Alliance on any other Condition, than that your Majeſty will aſſiſt me with your Counſels, and that I do nothing without having firſt your Approbation.

The Marriage-Treaty being thus concluded and agreed on, the Ceremony was put off till next Day. In the mean time Princeſs *Badoura* gave Notice to her Officers, who ſtill took her for *Camaralzaman*, what ſhe was about to do, that they might not be ſurpriz'd at it, aſſuring them the Princeſs *Badoura* conſented to it. She talk'd alſo to her Women, and charg'd them to keep the Secret ſhe had entruſted them with, as they valu'd their Lives.

The King of the Iſle of *Ebene* rejoyc'd that he had got him a Son-in-Law ſo much to his Satisfaction: The next Morning he ſummon'd his Council, and acquainted them with his Deſign of marrying his Daughter to Prince *Camaralzaman*, whom he introduc'd to them, made him ſit down by him, taking the Princeſs *Badoura* for him; told them he reſign'd the Crown to him, and requir'd them to obey and ſwear Fealty to him. Having ſaid this, he deſcended from his Throne, and the Princeſs *Badoura*, by his Order, mounted it. When ſhe was plac'd, the Lords of the Court did her Homage, and took an Oath of Allegiance. As ſoon as the Council broke up, the new King was proclaim'd through the City, ſeveral Days of rejoycing were appointed, and Couriers diſpatch'd over all the Kingdom, to ſee the ſame Ceremonies obſerv'd with the ſame Demonſtrations of Joy.

At Night there was extraordinary Feaſtings at the Palace Royal, and the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous* * was led to the Princeſs *Badoura*, whom every Body took for a Man: She was dreſt like a royal Bride: The Wedding was ſolemniz'd with the utmoſt Splendor, and the Rites perform'd; they were put to Bed. In the Morning the Princeſs *Badoura* went to receive the Compliments of the Nobility in a Hall of Audience, where they congratulated her on her Marriage and Acceſſion to the Throne. In the mean while King *Armanos* and his Queen went to the Apartment of the new Queen their Daughter, and ask'd her how ſhe ſpent the Night. Inſtead of anſwering them, ſhe held down her Head, and by her Looks they ſaw plain enough that ſhe was not contented.

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* *This an Arabick Word, which ſignifies* Life and Souls.

King *Armanos*, to comfort the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous*, bid her not be troubled. Prince *Camaralzaman* might be in haſte to go to his Father's Court, and had not ſtopt at the Iſle of *Ebene* had it not been in his Way thither: Tho' we have engag'd him to ſtay by Arguments, with which he ought to be well ſatisfy'd; yet 'tis probable he grieves to be all at once depriv'd of the Hopes of ſeeing either his Father or any of his Family: You muſt wait 'till thoſe firſt Emotions of Tenderneſs are over, and his filial Love wears off by degrees, he will then carry himſelf towards you as a good Husband ought to do.

The Princeſs *Badoura*, under the Name and Character of Prince *Camaralzaman*, not only receiv'd the Congratulory Addreſſes of the Courtiers and the Nobility of the Kingdom who were in and about the City; but ſhe review'd the regular Troops of her Houſhold, and enter'd on the Adminſtration of Affairs as King, with ſo much Majeſty and Judgment, that gain'd her the general Applauſe of all who were Witneſſes of her Conduct.

'Twas Evening before ſhe return'd to Queen *Haiatalnefous*'s Apartment, and ſhe perceiv'd by the Reception ſhe gave her, that the Bride was not at all pleas'd with the Wedding Night. She endeavour'd to make her eaſy by a long Diſcourſe, in which ſhe employ'd all the Wit ſhe had (and that was as much as any Woman was Miſtreſs of) to perſwade her ſhe lov'd her entirely: She then gave her Time to go to Bed, and while ſhe was undreſſing her, ſhe went to her Devotions; her Prayers were ſo long, that Queen *Haiatalnefous* was aſleep before they were ended; ſhe then gave over praying, and lay down ſoftly by the new Queen without waking her, and was as much afflicted at her being forc'd to act a Part which did not belong to her, as in the loſs of her dear *Camaralzaman*, for whom ſhe ceas'd not to ſigh. She roſe as ſoon 'twas Day, before *Haiatalneſous* was awake, and being dreſs'd in her Royal Robes, as King, went to Council.

King *Armanos*, as he had done the Day before, came early to viſit the Queen his Daughter, whom he found in Sighs and Tears; he wanted no more to be inform'd of the Cauſe of her Trouble: He began to reſent the Contempt, as he thought, which was put upon his Daughter, and could not imagine what was the Reaſon of it. Daughter, ſays he, have Patience for another Night. I rais'd your Husband to the Throne, and can pull him down again; depend upon it, I will drive him thence with Shame, unleſs he gives you the Satisfaction that he ought to do: His Uſage of you has provok'd me ſo much, I can't tell to what my Reſentment may tranſport me; the Affront is as much to me as to you.

'Twas late again before the Princeſs *Badoura* came to Queen *Haiatalneſous*: She talk'd to her, as ſhe had done the Night before, and after the ſame Manner went to her Devotions, deſiring the Queen to go to Bed; but *Haiatalneſous* would not be ſo ſerv'd, ſhe held her Back, and oblig'd her to ſit down again: What, ſays ſhe, you think to deal by me this Night as you have done the two laſt; pray tell me, what can you diſlike in a Princeſs of my Youth and Beauty, who not only loves but adores you, and thinks her ſelf the happieſt of all Princeſſes in having ſo amiable a Prince for her Husband; any body, but me, wou'd be reveng'd of the Slight, or rather, the unpardonable Affront you have put upon me, and abandon'd you to your evil Deſtiny: However, tho' I did not love you ſo well as I do, yet out of pure good Nature and Humanity, which makes me pity the Misfortunes of Perſons for whom I am no ways concern'd, I could not forbear telling you, that the King my Father is enrag'd againſt you for your Carriage towards me, and on the Morrow will exert his Fury in a Manner, I tremble to think of, if you ſtill uſe me, as you have hitherto done. Do not therefore throw a Princeſs into Deſpair, who, notwithſtanding all your ill Uſage, cannot help loving you.

This Diſcourſe embaraſs'd the Princeſs *Badoura* the moſt of any thing ſhe had yet met with; ſhe did not doubt of the Truth of what *Haiatalnefous* had ſaid. King *Armanos*'s Coldneſs to her the Day before, had given her but too much Reaſon to ſee he was highly diſatisfy'd with her. The only way to juſtify her Conduct, was, to communicate her Sex to the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous*: She had foreſeen ſhe ſhould be under neceſſity of diſcovering it to her: Yet now ſhe was about to make ſuch a Declaration, ſhe was afraid how ſhe would take it: But conſidering that if *Camaralzaman* was alive, he muſt neceſſarily touch at the Iſle of *Ebene* in his Way to King *Schahzaman* his Father's Kingdom, that ſhe ought to preſerve her ſelf for his Sake; and 'twas impoſſible to do it, if ſhe did not let the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous* know who and what ſhe was, ſhe reſolv'd to venture, and to try to get off that Way.

The Princeſs *Badoura* ſtood as one that was ſtruck Dumb, and *Haiatalnefous* being impatient to hear what ſhe could ſay, was about to ſpeak to her again, when ſhe ſtopp'd her by theſe Words: Lovely and too charming Princeſs! I own I have been in the Wrong, and I condemn my ſelf for it, but I hope you will pardon me, and keep the Secret I am going to reveal to you for my Juſtification.

She then open'd her Boſom, and ſhewing her Breaſts, proceeded thus: See Princeſs, if a Woman and a Princeſs like your ſelf, does not deſerve to be forgiven; I believe you will be ſo good, at leaſt, when you know my Story, and the terrible Affliction that forc'd me to act the Part you ſee.

The Princeſs *Badoura* having diſcover'd her ſelf entirely to the Princeſs of the Iſle of *Ebene*; She again pray'd her to keep the Secret, and to make as if ſhe was really a Husband to her, till Prince *Camaralzaman*'s Arrival, which ſhe hop'd would be in a little Time.

Princeſs, reply'd *Haiatalnefous*; Your Fortune is indeed ſtrange, that a Marriage, ſo happy as yours was, ſhould be render'd unhappy by ſo unaccountable an Accident, your Love being reciprocal and full of Wonders. Pray Heaven you may meet your Husband again as ſoon as you deſire, and aſſure your ſelf I will keep the Secret till he arrives. 'Twill be the greateſt Pleaſure to me in the World, to be the only Perſon in the vaſt Kingdom of the Iſle of *Ebene,* who knows what and who you are, while you go on governing the People as happily as you have begun: I only ask of you to be your Friend, than which nothing could be more to my Satisfaction: Then the two Princeſſes tenderly embrac'd each other, and after a thouſand Vows of mutual Friendſhip, lay down and took their Reſt.

According to the Cuſtom of the Country, the Tokens of the Conſummation of the Marriage were to be produc'd and ſeen publickly. The two Princeſſes found out a Way to get over that Difficulty: Queen *Haiatalnefous*'s Women were next Morning deceiv'd by it themſelves, and deceiv'd King *Armanos,* his Queen, and the whole Court. From this Time the Princeſs *Badoura* grew more and more in King *Armanos*'s Eſteem and Affection, Governing the Kingdom to his and his Peoples Content, peaceably and proſperouſly.

The Sultaneſs of the *Indies* ſaid no more at that Time, Day appearing, but the following Night ſhe continued her Diſcourſe in theſe Words to the Sultan.

The Two Hundred and Twenty Fifth Night.

SIR, while theſe Things were tranſacting in the Court of the Iſle of *Ebene,* Prince *Camaralzaman* ſtay'd in the City of the Idolaters with the Gardener, who had offer'd him his Houſe for a Retreat 'till the Ship ſail'd for that Iſland.

One Morning when the Prince was up early, and, as he us'd to do, was preparing to work in the Garden; the Gardener hinder'd him; ſaying, This Day is a great Feſtival among the Idolaters, and becauſe they abſtain from Work themſelves, to ſpend the Time in their abominable Myſteries and publick Rejoycings, they will not let the Muſſulmen work; who, to gain their Favour, generally aſſiſt at their Shews, which are worth ſeeing. Wherefore there's nothing for you to do to Day: I leave you here; and the Time approaching, in which the Ship uſes to ſail for the Iſle of *Ebene,* I will go to ſome of my Friends, and know when 'twill depart, and ſecure you a

Paſſage in it. The Gardener put on his beſt Cloaths, and went to the Feaſt.

When Prince *Camaralzaman* was alone, inſtead of going out to take Part in the Publick Joy of the City, the Solitude he was in brought to Mind, with more Violence, the loſs of his dear Princeſs: He walk'd up and down the Garden ſighing and groaning, 'till the Noiſe which two Birds made on a neighbouring Tree, tempted him to lift up his Head, and ſtop to ſee what was the Matter.

Camaralzaman was ſurpriz'd to behold a Battle between theſe two Birds, fighting with their Beaks, and that in a very little while, one of 'em fell down dead at the Root of a Tree; the Bird that was victorious took Wing again, and flew away.

In the Inſtant, two other larger Birds, that had ſeen the Fight at a Diſtance, came from another Side of the Garden, and pitch'd on the Ground, one at the Feet, and the other at the Head of the dead Bird; they look'd upon it ſome Time, ſhaking their Heads as if thew were griev'd at the Death of their departed Friend; after which they dug a Grave with their Talons, and interr'd the Defunct.

When they had fill'd up the Grave with the Earth they had turn'd up to make it, they flew alſo away, and return'd in a few Minutes, bringing with them the Bird that had committed the Murder, the one holding one of her Wings in his Beak, and the other one of her Legs; the Criminal all the while crying out in a doleful Manner, and ſtruggling to eſcape. They carry'd him to the Grave of the Bird which he had lately ſacrific'd to his Rage; and there they made a Sacrifice of him to the *Manes* of the dead Bird; and ſtriking him after with their Beaks, at laſt they kill'd the Murderer: They then open'd his Belly, tore out his Entrails, left his Body on the Place unbury'd, and away they flew.

Camaralzaman remain'd in a great Aſtoniſhment all the Time that he ſtood beholding this Sight: He drew near the Tree where this Scene had been acted, and caſting his Eyes on the ſcatter'd Entrails of the Bird that was laſt kill'd, he ſpy'd ſomething red hanging out of his Body; he took it up, and found 'twas his beloved Princeſs *Badoura*'s Taliſman, which had coſt him ſo much Pains and Sorrow, and ſo many Sighs, ſince the Bird ſnatch'd it out of his Hand. Ah cruel, ſaid he to himſelf, ſtill looking on the Bird, thou took'ſt Delight in doing Miſchief, ſo I have the leſs Reaſon to complain of that which thou did'ſt to me: But by how much the greater it was, by ſo much the more do I wiſh well to thoſe that reveng'd my Quarrel on thee, in puniſhing thee for the Murder of one of their and thy own Kind.

'Tis impoſſible to expreſs Prince *Camaralzaman*'s Joy: Dear Princeſs, continu'd he to himſelf; This happy Minute, which reſtores to me a Treaſure that is ſo precious to thee, is without doubt a Preſage of our meeting again, and perhaps ſooner than I think of.

Thank Heaven, who ſent me this good Fortune, and gives me Hope of the greateſt Felicity that my Heart can deſire.

Saying this, he kiſs'd the Taliſman, wrapp'd it up in a Ribbon, and ty'd it carefully about his Arm. 'Till now he had been almoſt every Night a Stranger to Reſt, his Troubles always keeping him awake; but the next Night he ſlept ſoundly: He roſe ſomewhat later the next Morning than he us'd to do; put on his working Cloaths, and and went to the Gardener for Orders what he ſhould go about: The good Man bad him root up an old Tree which ſtood in ſuch a Place, and was decaying.

Camaralzaman took an Ax, and began his Work; cutting off a Branch of the Root, he found his Ax ſtruck againſt ſomething that reſiſted the Blow and made a Noiſe; He turn'd the Earth up, and diſcover'd a broad Plate of Braſs, under which was a Stair caſe of ten Steps; He went down, at the Bottom ſaw a Cave of above ſix Yards ſquare, with fifty braſs Urns plac'd in Order around it, each with a Cover to it; He open'd them all, one after another, and there was not one of them which was not full of gold Duſt: He came out of the Cave, rejoycing that he had found ſuch a vaſt Treaſure: He put the braſs Plate on the Stair-caſe, and rooted up the Tree againſt the Gardener's coming to ſee what he had done.

The Gardener had learn'd the Day before, that the Ship which was bound for the Iſle of *Ebene*, would ſail in a few Days, but the certain Time was not fix'd; His Friend promis'd to let him know the Day, if he call'd upon him on the Morrow; and while *Camaralzaman* was rooting up the Tree, he went to have his Anſwer: He return'd with a joyful Countenance, by which the Prince gueſs'd he brought him good News. Son, ſaid the old Man, (ſo he always call'd him on Account of the Difference between his Age and the Prince's Youth) be Joyful, and prepare to embark in three Days, the Ship will then certainly ſet Sail: I have taken Paſſage for you, and agreed the Price with the Captain.

In the Condition I am at preſent, reply'd *Camaralzaman*, you could not bring me more agreeable News; and in Return, I have alſo Tidings that will be as welcome to you; come along with me, and you ſhall ſee what good Fortune Heaven has in Store for you.

The Prince led the Gardener to the Place where he had rooted up the Tree, ſhew'd him the Way into the Cave, and when he was there, let him ſee what a Treaſure he had diſcover'd, thanking Providence for rewarding his Virtue, and the Pains he had been at for ſo many Years. How, reply'd the Gardener, do you imagine I will take theſe Riches as mine, which you found out? The Property of them is yours, I have no Right to them. For fourſcore Years, ſo long my Father has been dead, I have done nothing but dig in this Garden, and could not diſcover this Treaſure, which is a Sign 'twas deſtin'd to you by Fate or Heaven had reveal'd it to me. It agrees with your Quality as a Prince, and ſuits your Age too better than mine; I am old, have one Foot in the Grave, and can't tell what to do with ſo much Wealth: Providence has beſtow'd it upon you at a Time when you are returning to that Country, which will one Day be your own, where you may make a good Uſe of it for the Advantage of your ſelf, and the People over whom you are to reign.

Prince *Camaralzaman* would not be out-done in Generoſity by the Gardener; they had a long Diſpute about who ſhould refuſe it, for neither of them would have it, for neither of them would have it from the other: At laſt the Prince ſolemnly proteſted, that he would have none of it, unleſs the Gardener would divide it with him and take half: The good Man conſented to it, to pleaſe the Prince; ſo they parted it between them, and each had twenty five Urns.

Having thus divided it, Son, ſaid the Gardener to the Prince, 'twas not enough that you have got this Treaſure, we muſt now contrive how to carry it ſo privately aboard a Ship, that no body may know any thing of the Matter, otherwiſe you'll run the risk of loſing it. There are no Olives in the Iſle of *Ebene*; thoſe that are exported hence are a good Commodity there; you know I have Plenty of them, take what you will; fill fifty Pots, half with the gold Duſt, and half with Olives, which being a common Merchandiſe from this City to that Iſland, none will miſtruſt there's any thing but Olives in the Pots.

The Council was good, and *Camaralzaman* follow'd it. The Reſt of the Day was taken up by him and the old Man in packing up the Gold and the Olives in the fifty Pots, and the Prince * fearing the Taliſman ſhould come by any ill Accident again, he carefully put it up in one of the Pots, marking it with a particular Mark, to diſtinguiſh it from the other: When they were all ready to be ſhipp'd, the Prince retir'd into the Gardener's Hutt with him, and diſcourſing together, he related to him the Battles of the Birds, with the Circumſtance of that Adventure, in which he had found the Princeſs *Badoura*'s Taliſman. The Gardener was equally ſurpriz'd, and joyful to hear it, knowing what Trouble the Prince had been at for the Loſs of it. Whether the old Man was quite worn out with Age, or had ſpent himſelf too much that Day, the Gardener had a very bad Night's Reſt; he grew worſe the next Day, and on the third Day, when the Prince was to embark, was ſo bad, that it was plain he was nigh his End. As ſoon as Day broke, the Captain of the Ship came in Perſon with ſeveral Seamen to the Gardener's; they knock'd at the Garden-door, and *Camaralzaman* open'd it to them: They ask'd him where the Paſſenger was that was to go with him; the Prince anſwer'd, I am he; the Gardener who agreed with you for my Paſſage, is ſick, and cannot be ſpoken with; come in, and let your Men carry thoſe Pots of Olives, and few other Things aboard for me: I'll only take Leave of the Gardener, and follow you to the Water-ſide.

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* *This Incident is alſo much the ſame with one in the Romance of* Peter *of* Provence, *and the fair* Maguelonna.

The Seamen took up the Pots and the Baggage, and the Captain bad the Prince make haſte, the Wind being fair, and they ſtay'd for nothing but him.

When the Captain and his Men were gone, *Camaralzaman* went to the Gardener, to take his Leave of him, and thank'd him for all his good Offices, but he found him in the Agonies of Death, and had ſcarce Time to bid him rehearſe the Articles of his Faith, which all good Muſſulmen uſe to do before they die: The Gardener did what he could towards it, and expir'd in his Preſence.

The Prince being oblig'd to haſten his Departure, was at a Loſs what to do, he was afraid he ſhould loſe his Voyage, if he ſtay'd, and was loth to leave his dead Benefactor without paying him the laſt Duty of a Friend, according to their Law. He waſh'd him, bury'd him in his own Garden (for the *Mahometans* had no Church-yard in the City of the Idolaters, where they were only tolerated) and tho' he did it as faſt as he could, having no body to aſſiſt him, 'twas almoſt Night before he had put him in the Ground: as ſoon as he had done it, he ran to the Water-ſide, carrying with him the Key of the Garden, deſigning, if he had Time, to give it to the Land-lord; otherwiſe to depoſite it in ſome truſty Perſon's Hand before Witneſs, that he might have it after he was gone. When he came to the Port, he was told the Ship ſail'd ſeveral Hours before he came, and was already out of Sight. It ſtay'd three Hours for him, and the Wind ſtanding fair, the Captain durſt not ſtay longer.

Scheherazade would have continu'd her Diſcourſe, but Day-light breaking in upon the *Sultan* and her, ſhe was oblig'd to give it over for the preſent. At Night ſhe purſu'd the ſame Story of Prince *Camaralzaman*, and the Princeſs *Badoura*'s Adventures, to the *Sultan* of the *Indies*.

The Two Hundred and Twenty Sixth Night.

'TIS eaſy, Sir, to imagine, that Prince *Camaralzaman* was extremely grieved to be forc'd to ſtay in that Country a Year longer, where he neither had, nor was willing to have any Acquaintance. 'Twas a ſad Thing to him, to think that he muſt wait another Twelve-Month for the Opportunity he had loſt; but what was the greateſt Affliction to him of all was, his miſſing the Princeſs *Badoura*'s Taliſman, which he gave over for loſt. The only Courſe that was left for him to take, was to return to the Garden from whence he came, to rent it of the Landlord, and to go on with his Gardening; that he might by himſelf deplore his Miſery and Misfortunes. He hir'd a Boy to help him to do ſome Part of the Drudgery; and that he might not loſe the half of the Treaſure, which came to him by the Death of the Gardener, who dy'd without Heirs, he put the gold Duſt in fifty other Pots of Olives, to be ready againſt the Time of the Ship's Return, and making the ſame Voyage.

While Prince *Camaralzaman* began another Year of Labour, Sorrow and Impatience, the Ship having a fair Wind, ſail'd before him to the Iſle of *Ebene*, where in due Time ſhe arriv'd at the capital City.

The Palace Royal being by the Sea-ſide, the new King, or rather the Princeſs *Badoura*, ſpying the Ship as ſhe was entring into the Port, ask'd what Veſſel it was; ſhe was anſwer'd, that it came from the City of the *Idolaters*, from whence it us'd to come every Year about that Time, and generally was richly laden.

The Princeſs, who always had Prince *Camaralzaman* in her Mind, amids the Glories of her Palace and Power, imagin'd that Prince might be aboard; on which Thought, ſhe reſolv'd, ſince it might be ſo, to go aboard the Ship and meet him, not to diſcover her ſelf to him, (for ſhe queſtion'd whether he would know her again) but to obſerve him, and take proper Meaſures for their making themſelves mutually known. Her Pretence was, to ſee what Merchandize was aboard, to have the firſt Sight of the Goods, and choſe the moſt valuable for her ſelf. She commanded a Horſe to be brought her; ſhe mounted and rode to the Port, accompany'd by ſeveral Officers, who were waiting upon her at that Time; arriv'd at the Port juſt as the Captain came aſhore; ſhe order'd him to be brought before her, and ask'd whence he came, how long he had been on his Voyage, what good or bad Fortune he had met with in it; if he had no Stranger of Quality aboard, and with what his Ship was loaden?

The Captain gave a ſatisfactory Anſwer to all her Demands; and as to Paſſengers, aſſur'd her there were none but Merchants in his Ship, who us'd to come every Year, and bring rich Stuffs from ſeveral Parts of the World to trade with, Callicoes ſtain'd or unſtain'd, Diamonds, Musk, Ambergreaſe, Camphire, Civet, Spices, Drugs and Olives.

The Princeſs *Badoura* lov'd Olives extreamly; when ſhe heard the Captain ſpeak of them, land them, ſays ſhe, I'll take them all off your Hands; as to the other Goods, let the Merchants bring them before they diſpoſe of them, or ſhew them to any one.

The Captain taking her for the King of the Iſle of *Ebene*, reply'd, Sir, there are fifty great Pots of Olives, but they belong to a Merchant whom I was forc'd to leave behind; I gave him Notice that I ſtay'd for him, but he not coming ſeveral Hours afterwards, and the Wind preſenting, I was afraid of loſing it, and ſo ſet ſail. The Princeſs anſwer'd, 'tis no Matter, bring them aſhore, we'll drive a Bargain for them however.

The Captain ſent his Boat aboard, and in a little Time it return'd with the Pots of Olives. The Princeſs demanded how much the fifty Pots might be worth in the Iſle of *Ebene*. Sir, ſays the Captain, the Merchant is very poor, and your Majeſty will not pay too dear if you give him 1000 Pieces of Silver.

To ſatisfy him, reply'd the Princeſs, and becauſe you tell me he is poor, I'll order you 1000 Pieces of Gold for him, which do you take Care to give him. The Money was accordingly pay'd, and the Pots carry'd to the Palace.

Night drawing on, the Princeſs withdrew into the inner Palace, and went to the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous*'s Apartment, ordering the Olives to be brought thither; ſhe open'd one, to let the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous* taſte 'em; and to taſte 'em herſelf. Great was her Aſtoniſhment, when ſhe found the Olives were mingled with gold Duſt. What can this mean, ſays ſhe? 'Tis wonderful beyond Comprehenſion. Her Curioſity encreaſing by ſo extraordinary an Adventure, ſhe order'd *Haiatalnefous*'s Women to open and empty all the Pots in her Preſence; and her Wonder was ſtill greater, when ſhe ſaw that the Olives in all of them were mix'd with gold Duſt; but when ſhe ſaw her Taliſman drop out of that in which the Prince had put it, ſhe was ſo ſurpriz'd, that ſhe ſwooned away. The Princeſs *Haiatalnefous* and her Women brought the Princeſs *Badoura* to Life again, by throwing cold Water in her Face. When ſhe recover'd her Senſes, ſhe took the Taliſman, and kiſs'd it again and again; but not being willing that the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous's* Women ſhould hear what ſhe ſaid, and it growing late, ſhe diſmiſs'd them. Princeſs, ſays ſhe, to *Haiatalnefous*, aſſoon as they were gone, you who have heard my Story, to be ſure, gueſs'd 'twas at the Sight of Taliſman that I ſwoon'd, This is it, and the fatal Cauſe of my loſing my dear Husband Prince *Camaralzaman*, but as 'twas that which caus'd our Separation, ſo I foreſee it will be the Means of our ſudden Meeting.

The next Day as ſoon as 'twas light, ſhe ſent for the Captain of the Ship; and when he came, ſpoke to him thus, I want to know ſomething more of the Merchant to whom the Olives belong, that I bought of you Yeſterday. I think you told me you left him behind you in the City of the *Idolaters*; can you tell me what he does there?

Yes, Sir, reply'd the Captain, I can ſpeak on my own Knowledge, and aſſure your Majeſty what I ſay is truth; I agreed for his Paſſage with a Gardener, a very old Man, who told me, I ſhould find him in his Garden, where he work'd under him; he ſhew'd me the Place, and I went thither to call him, where I found what the Gardener ſaid to be true; and for that Reaſon I told your Majeſty he was poor; I told him what haſte I was in, ſpoke to him myſelf, and cannot be miſtaken in the Man.

If what you ſay is true, reply'd the Princeſs *Badoura*, you muſt ſet ſail this very Day for the City of the *Idolaters*, and fetch me that Gardener's Man, who is my Debtor, elſe I will not only confiſcate all your and your Merchants Goods; but your and their Lives ſhall anſwer for his; I have order'd my Seal to be put on the warehouſes where they are, which ſhall not be taken off, till you bring me that Man; this is all I have to ſay to you, go and do as I command you.

The Captain could make no reply to this Order, tho' the obeying it was a very great Loſs, to him and his Merchants; he acquainted them with it; and they all conſidering that to loſe their Goods and their Lives would be a much greater, haſten'd him away as faſt as they could. They ſet all Hands at work to load Proviſions and freſh Water for his Voyage back, and were ſo diligent, that he was ready to ſet ſail before Night. Accordingly he weigh'd Anchor, and made for the City of the *Idolaters*, where he arriv'd in a ſhort Time, Wind and Weather favouring him all the Way. When he was got as near the City as he thought convenient, he would not caſt Anchor, but let the Ship ride off Shore; and going into his Boat, with as many Hands as he wanted, he landed a little Way off the Port, whence he went directly to *Camaralzaman*'s Garden.

Tho' 'twas about Mid-night when he came there, the Prince was not aſleep. His Separation from the fair Princeſs of *China* his Wife, afflicted him after its uſual Manner, and he lay waking to bemoan his ill Fortune. He curs'd the Minute in which his Curioſity tempted him to touch the fatal Girdle.

Thus did he paſs thoſe Hours which are devoted to Reſt, and was in thoſe mournful Meditations, when he heard ſomebody knock at the Garden-Door; he ran haſtily to open it, half dreſs'd as he was; and he had no ſooner done it, but the Captain and his Seamen took hold of him, and carry'd him by Force aboard his Boat, and ſo a Ship-Board; where as ſoon as he was ſafe, they ſet ſail immediately, and made the beſt of their Way to the Iſle of *Ebene*.

Hitherto *Camaralzaman*, the Captain, and his Men, had not ſaid a Word to one another; at laſt the Prince broke Silence, and ask'd the Captain, whom he knew again, why they had taken him away by Force? The Captain in his turn demanded of the Prince, whether he was not a Debtor to the King of *Ebene?* I the King of *Ebene*'s Debtor, reply'd *Camaralzaman*, in Amazement; I don't know him. I had never any thing to do with him in my Life, and never ſet Foot in his Kingdom. The Captain anſwer'd, You ſhould know that better than I; you'll talk to him your ſelf in a little while, 'till then ſtay here and have Patience.

Scheherazade was oblig'd to ſtop here. The Sultan of the *Indies* riſing to go about ſome Affairs of his Government: She reviv'd the Diſcourſe at Night, and thus went on with her Story.

The Two Hundred and Twenty Seventh Night.

SIR, I have told your Majeſty how Prince *Camaralzaman* was taken out of his Garden, and carry'd aboard a Ship forcibly. The Captain was not long on his Voyage back to the Iſle of *Ebene*. Though 'twas Night when he caſt Anchor in the Port, he landed immediately, and taking Prince *Camaralzaman* with him, haſten'd to the Palace, where he demanded to be introduc'd to the King.

The Princeſs *Badoura* was withdrawn into the inner Palace: However, as ſoon as ſhe had heard of the Captain's Return, and *Camaralzaman*'s Arrival, ſhe came forth to ſpeak with him. As ſoon as ſhe caſt her Eyes on the Prince, ſhe knew the Man for whom ſhe had ſhed ſo many Tears, who was in his Gardener's Habit. As for the Prince, who trembled in the preſence of a King as he thought him, to whom he was to anſwer for an imaginary Debt; it could not enter into his Thoughts, that the Perſon whom he ſo earneſtly deſir'd to ſee, ſtood before him. If the Princeſs had follow'd the Dictates of her Inclinations, ſhe wou'd have run to him, and by embracing diſcover'd her ſelf to him; but ſhe put a conſtraint on her ſelf, believing that 'twas for both their Intereſts that ſhe ſhould act the part of a King a little longer, before ſhe made her ſelf known; ſhe contented her ſelf for the preſent, to put him into the Hands of an Officer, who was then in waiting, charging him to take care of him, and uſe him well till next Day.

When the Princeſs *Badoura* had provided for Prince *Camaralzaman*'s Entertainment, ſhe turned about to the Captain, whom ſhe was now to gratify for the important Service he had done her. She commanded another Officer to go immediately and take the Seal off the Warehouſe where his and his Merchant's Goods were, which ſhe diſcharg'd; ſhe alſo gave the Maſter of the Veſſel a Jewel, worth much more than the Expence he had been at in both his Voyages; ſhe beſides bad him keep the 1000 pieces of Gold ſhe had given him for the Pots of Olives, telling him ſhe would make up the Account with the Merchant whom he brought with him.

This done, ſhe retir'd to the Princeſs of the Iſle of *Ebene*'s Apartment, to whom ſhe communicated her Joy, praying her to keep the Secret ſtill; ſhe told her how ſhe intended to manage his and her diſcovering themſelves to each other, and to the Kingdom, adding, there was ſo vaſt a Diſtance between a Gardener and a great Prince, as he is, that it may be dangerous to raiſe him at once, from the loweſt Condition of the People to the higheſt Degree, though 'tis but Juſtice it ſhou'd be done. The Princeſs of the Iſle of *Ebene* was ſo far from betraying her, that ſhe rejoyc'd with her, and enter'd into the Deſign, aſſuring her ſhe would contribute to it all that lay in her Power, and do whatever ſhe would deſire of her to ſerve them.

The next Morning the Princeſs of *China* order'd Prince *Camaralzaman* to be conducted to the Royal Baths, and then apparell'd in the Robes of an *Emir*, or Governor of a Province. She then went to the Council, with the Name, Habit and Authority of King of the Iſle of *Ebene*. She commanded *Camaralzaman* to be introduc'd; and his fine Mein and Majeſtick Air drew all the Eyes of the Lords there preſent upon him.

The Princeſs *Badoura* her ſelf was charm'd to ſee him again as lovely as ſhe had often ſeen him, and that Pleaſure inſpir'd her to ſpeak the more warmly in his Praiſe. When ſhe addreſt her ſelf to the Council, having ordered the Prince to take his Seat among the *Emirs*, ſhe ſpoke to them thus, My Lords, *Camaralzaman*, the Man whom I have advanced to the ſame Dignity with you, is not unworthy the Honour that is done him. I have known enough of him in my Travels to anſwer for him, and I can aſſure you he will make his Merit known to all of you as well by his Valour, as by a thouſand other ſhining Qualities, which diſtinguiſh him from the reſt of Mankind.

Camaralzaman was extreamly amaz'd, to hear the King of the Iſle of *Ebene*, whom he was far from taking for a Woman, much leſs for his dear Princeſs, name him, and declare that he knew him, who, as he thought, was certain he had never ſeen him before him in his Life. He was much more ſurpriz'd, when he heard him praiſe him ſo exceſſively. However, thoſe Praiſes, as exceſſive as they were, did not confound him, tho' they came from the Mouth of a King: He receiv'd them with ſuch Modeſty, as ſhew'd that he deſerv'd them, and did not grow vain upon it. He proſtrated himſelf before the Throne of the King, and then riſing again, Sir, ſaid he, I want Words to expreſs my Gratitude to your Majeſty for the Honour you have done me; I ſhall do all that lies in my Power to render my ſelf worthy of your Royal Favour.

From the Council-Board the Prince was conducted to a Palace, which the Princeſs *Badoura* had ordered to be fitted up for him; where he found Officers and Domeſticks ready to obey his Commands, a Stable full of fine Horſes, and every Thing ſuitable to the Quality of an *Emir*. When he was in his Cloſet, the Steward of his Houſhold brought him a Cheſt full of Gold for his Expences.

The leſs he conceiv'd how it came about, that he met with ſo much good Fortune, the more he admir'd at it, never once imagining that he ow'd it to the Princeſs of *China*.

Two or three Days after, the Princeſs *Badoura* made him Lord Treaſurer, which Office became lately vacant, that he might be nearer her Perſon. He behav'd himſelf in his new Charge with ſo much Integrity, and was ſo obliging to every Body, that he not only gain'd the Friendſhip of the Great, but alſo the Affections of the People, by his Uprightneſs and Bounty.

Camaralzaman had been the happieſt Man in the World, being the reigning Favourite of the King of the Iſle of *Ebene*, and in the Eſteem of all his Subjects, if he had had his Princeſs with him. In the midſt of his good Fortune he never ceas'd lamenting her, and grieving that he could hear no Tidings of her, eſpecially in a Country where ſhe muſt neceſſarily have come in her Way to his Father's Court, and have arriv'd long before, had ſhe met with no ill Accident by the Way. He had miſtruſted ſomething had the Princeſs *Badoura* ſtill gone by the Name of *Camaralzaman*, which ſhe took with his Habit, but on her Acceſſion to the Throne, ſhe chang'd it to take that of *Armanos*, in Honour of the old King her Father-in-

Law. There were very few Courtiers who knew that ſhe had ever been call'd *Camaralzaman*, which ſhe aſſumed when ſhe arriv'd at the Court of the Iſle of *Ebene*; nor had *Camaralzaman* ſo much Acquaintance with any of them yet, to inform himſelf further of her Hiſtory.

The Princeſs fearing he might do it in Time, and deſiring that he ſhould owe the Diſcovery of her ſelf to her ſelf only, reſolved to put an end to her Torments and his; for ſhe had obſerv'd, that as often as ſhe diſcours'd with him about the Affairs of his Office, he fetch'd ſuch deep Sighs, as could be addreſs'd to no Body but her. She her ſelf liv'd in ſuch a Conſtraint, that ſhe could endure it no longer. Add to this the Friendſhip of the *Emirs* and Courtiers, the Zeal and Affection of the People: In a Word, every Thing contributed to her putting the Crown of the Iſle of *Ebene* on his Head, without any Obſtacle.

The Princeſs *Badoura* conſulted the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous* in this, as ſhe had done in the other Parts of the Adventure, and they both agreeing to have it done, ſhe one Day took Prince *Camaralzaman* aſide, ſaying, I muſt talk with you about an Affair, *Camaralzaman*, in which I want your Advice; it will not be ſo proper to do it by Day-light, for our Diſcourſe may be long, and I would not be obſerved: Come hither in the Evening; don't let us wait for you; I'll take care to provide you a Bed.

Camaralzaman came punctually to the Palace at the Hour appointed by the Princeſs; ſhe took him with her into the inner Apartment, and having told the chief Eunuch, who prepar'd to follow her, ſhe had no Occaſion of his Service, and that he ſhould only keep the Door ſhut; ſhe carry'd him into a private Apartment adjoyning to the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous's*, where ſhe us'd to lie.

When ſhe enter'd the Chamber, where there was a Bed, ſhe ſhut the Door, and taking the Taliſman out of her Pocket, gave it to *Camaralzaman*, ſaying, 'Tis not long ſince an Aſtrologer preſented me with this Taliſman; you being ſkilful in all Things, pray tell me what 'tis good for?

Camaralzaman took the Taliſman, and drew near a Lamp to view it. As ſoon as, to his Aſtoniſhment, he knew 'twas the Princeſs's, he was tranſported with Pleaſure; and ſhe was no leſs pleas'd to ſee it. Sir, ſays the

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Prince, your Majeſty ask'd me what this Taliſman is good for. Oh, King! 'tis only good to kill me with Grief and Deſpair, if I don't ſuddenly find the moſt charming and lovely Princeſs in the World to whom it belongs, whoſe Loſs 'twas the occaſion of, and of a ſtrange Adventure to me, the very Recital of which will move your Majeſty to pity ſuch an unfortunate Husband and Lover, if you wou'd have Patience to hear it.

You ſhall tell me that another Time, reply'd the Princeſs, I am very glad I know ſomething of it already; ſtay here a little, and I'll return to you in a Moment.

At theſe Words ſhe went into a Cloſet, put off her Royal Turbant, and in a few Minutes dreſt her ſelf like a Woman; and having the Girdle around her, which ſhe had on the Day of their Separation, ſhe enter'd the Chamber.

Prince *Camaralzaman* immediately knew his dear Princeſs, ran to her, and tenderly embrac'd her, crying out, Ah! how much am I oblig'd to the King, who has ſo agreeably ſurpriz'd me? Don't expect to ſee the King any more, reply'd the Princeſs, with Tears in her Eyes; Let us ſit down, and I'll explain this *Ænigma* to you.

They ſat down, and the Princeſs told the Prince the Reſolution ſhe came to, in the Field where they encamp'd the laſt Time they were together, as ſoon as ſhe perceiv'd ſhe waited for him to no purpoſe: How ſhe went thro with it, till ſhe arriv'd at the Iſle of *Ebene*, where ſhe had been oblig'd to marry the Princeſs *Haiatalnefous*, and accept of the Crown, which King *Armanos* offer'd her as one of the Conditions of the Marriage. How the Princeſs whoſe Merit ſhe highly extoll'd, took her Declaration of her Sex; and how ſhe found the Taliſman in the Pots of Olives, mingled with the Gold Duſt which ſhe bought, and the finding it was the Cauſe of her ſending for him at the City of the *Idolaters*.

When ſhe had done telling her Adventures, ſhe oblig'd the Prince to tell his: He inform'd her how the Taliſman occaſion'd their Separation, and the reſt of the Story relating to him, as I have already told it: They then bemoan'd one anothers ill Fortune, and rejoyc'd in their good; He complain'd of her with the moſt kind Expreſſions Lov could invent, chiding her tenderly for her making him languiſh ſo long without her: She excus'd herſelf with the Reaſons I have already related; after which, growing late, they went to Bed.

Scheherazade, ſeeing the Day begin to dawn, ſaid no more, but the following Night ſhe continu'd the Story thus:

The Two Hundred and Twenty Eighth Night.

SIR, The Princeſs *Badoura* and Prince *Camaralzaman* roſe next Morning as ſoon as 'twas Light, but the Princeſs would no more put on her Royal Robes as King: She dreſs'd herſelf in her Natural Dreſs, that of a Woman, and then ſent the chief Eunuch to King *Armanos*, her Father-in-Law, to deſire he would give himſelf the Trouble to come to her Apartment.

When the King enter'd the Chamber, he was amaz'd to ſee a Lady there, who was unknown to him, and the Lord-Treaſurer with her, to whom it was not permitted to come within the inner Palace, nor to any of the Lords of the Court. He ſat down and ask'd where the King was.

The Princeſs anſwer'd, Yeſterday I was King, Sir, and to Day I am only the Princeſs of *China*, Wife to the true Prince *Camaralzaman*, the true Son of King *Schazaman*. If your Majeſty will have Patience to hear both our Hiſtories, I hope you will not condemn me for putting an innocent Deceit upon you: The King bad her go on, and heard her Diſcourſe from the Beginning to the End, with Aſtoniſhment. The Princeſs finiſhing it, ſaid to him, Sir, Though our Religion does not ſuffer Men to have more Wives than one, without ſome Sort of Scandal; and we Women do not eaſily comply with the Cuſtom Men have introduc'd to have ſeveral; Yet if your Majeſty will give your Conſent to give your Daughter, the Princeſs *Haiatalneſous*, in Marriage to Prince *Camaralzaman*, I will, with all my Heart, yield up to her the Rank and Quality of Queen, which, of Right belongs to her, and content my ſelf with the ſecond Place after her: If this Precedence was not her due, I would however, give it her, being oblig'd to her for keeping this Secret ſo faithfully as ſhe has done. If your Majeſty approves of it, I am ſure ſhe will; and I will paſs my Word, that ſhe ſhall obey you with Joy.

King *Armanos* liſtened to the Princeſs with Admiration, and when ſhe had done, turn'd about to Prince *Camaralzaman*, ſaying, Son, Since the Princeſs *Badoura*, your Wife, whom I have all along thought to be my Son-in-Law, through a Deceit, of which I do not complain, aſſures me, that ſhe will divide your Bed with my Daughter: I have nothing more to do, but to know of you, if you are willing to marry her, and accept of the Crown, which the Princeſs *Badoura* would deſervedly wear, as long as ſhe liv'd, if ſhe did not quit it out of Love to you. Sir, reply'd Prince *Camaralzaman*, though I deſire nothing ſo earneſtly as to ſee my Father, yet the Obligations I have to your Majeſty and the Princeſs *Haiatalneſous*, are ſo weighty, I cannot deny you any thing that is in my Power. *Camaralzaman* was proclaimed King, and married the ſame Day with all poſſible Demonſtrations of Joy: He being very well pleas'd with the Princeſs *Haiatalneſous*'s Beauty and Love for him.

The two Queens lived together afterwards as friendly as they had done before, both being contented with King *Camaralzaman*'s equal Carriage towards them, and they alternatively were taken to his Bed.

The next Year, each brought him a Son at the ſame Time, and the Birth of the two Princes was celebrated with extraordinary Feaſtings: The firſt, which the Princeſs *Badoura* was delivered of, King *Camaralzaman* called *D'Amgrad* (*Moſt Glorious*;) and the other, which was born of Queen *Haiatalneſous*, *Aſſad* (*Moſt Happy*.)

The Story of the Princes Amgrad *and* Aſſad.

THE two Princes were brought up with great Care; and when they were old enough, had the ſame Governor, and the ſame Maſters for the Arts and Sciences. King *Camaralzaman* would have them learn them, and that they ſhould have each the ſame Maſter for each Exerciſe.

ercife. The Friendſhip which from their Infancy they entred into, occaſioned an Uniformity of Manners and Inclinations, which encreaſed with their Years. When they were of Years to keep each a ſeparate Court, they lov'd one another ſo tenderly, that they begg'd King *Camaralzaman* to let 'em live together: He conſented to it. So they had the ſame Officers, the ſame Domeſticks, the ſame Lodging, and the ſame Table. *Camaralzaman* had ſo good an Opinion of their Capacity and Juſtice, that he made no Scruple of admitting them in his Council at 18 Years old, and letting them, by Turns, preſide there, while he gave himſelf the Diverſion of Hunting, or recreated himſelf with his Queens at his Houſes of Pleaſure.

The Two Princes being equally handſome, both in their Infancy, and now they were grown up; the two Queens lov'd 'em with incredible Tenderneſs, in ſuch a Manner, however, that the Princeſs *Badoura* had a great Kindneſs for Prince *Aſſad*, Queen *Haiatalnefous*'s Son, than for her own; and Queen *Haiatalnefous* lov'd *Amgrad*, the Princeſs *Badoura*'s Son, better than her own Son *Aſſad*.

The two Queens thought at firſt, this Inclination was nothing but a Friendſhip which proceeded from an exceſs of their own for each other, which they ſtill preſerv'd: But as the two Princes advanc'd in Years, that Friendſhip turn'd to a violent Love; when the Graces that appeared in their Youth blinded their Reaſon. They knew how criminal their Paſſion was, they did all they could to reſiſt it, and all they did prov'd in vain. They were accuſtom'd to be familiar with them, to admire, to praiſe, to kiſs and careſs 'em from their Infancy, and could not leave it when they grew up, which enflam'd their Deſires to ſuch a Height, that they could neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Sleep. 'Twas their and the Princes ill Fortune, that the latter being us'd to be ſo treated by them, had not the leaſt Suſpicion of their infamous Fires.

The two Queens had not made each other a Confident of the Secret of their Paſſion, nor had the Boldneſs to tell each the Prince ſhe lov'd, by Word of Mouth, the guilty Flame with which ſhe burnt; they at laſt reſolv'd to do it by Billet, and made uſe of King *Camaralzaman*'s Abſence to execute their wicked Deſign, when he was gone a Hunting, which would take him up three or four Days.

Prince *Amgrad* preſided at the Council-Table the Day of King *Camaralzaman*'s Departure, and heard Cauſes till 3 or 4 a Clock in the Afternoon: When he return'd to the Palace from the Council-Chamber, an Eunuch took him aſide, and gave him a Billet from Queen *Haiatalnefous*: *Amgrad* took it, and read it with Horror. Traytor, ſays he to the Eunuch, as ſoon as he had read it through, is this the Fidelity thou oweſt thy Maſter and thy King? At theſe Words he drew his Sabre and cut off his Head.

Having done this, he ran in Haſte to the Princeſs *Badoura* his Mother, bearing his Reſentment ſtill in his Looks, ſhew'd her the Billet, told her the Contents of it, and from whom it came; inſtead of hearkning to him, ſhe fell into a Paſſion her ſelf, and ſaid, Son, 'tis all a Calumny and Impoſture, Queen *Haiatalnefous* is a very diſcreet Princeſs, and you are very bold to talk to me after this Rate. The Prince was enrag'd at his Mother, to hear her ſpeak ſo of him; you are both bad alike, ſays he, and had it not been for the Reſpect I owe my Father, this Day ſhould have been the laſt of *Haiatalnefous*'s Life.

Queen *Badoura* might have imagin'd by the Example of her Son *Amgrad*, that Prince *Aſſad*, who was as virtuous as the other, would not be pleas'd with ſuch a Declaration of Love as had been made to his Brother: Yet that did not hinder her perſiſting in ſo abominable a Deſign; ſhe wrote him a Billet the next Day, which ſhe truſted with an old Woman belonging to the Palace, to convey him.

The old Woman watch'd her Opportunity to give it him as he was coming from the Council-Chamber, where he preſided that Day in his Turn; the Prince took it, and reading it, fell into ſuch a Fury, that without finiſhing it, he drew his Sabre and puniſh'd the old Woman as ſhe deſerved: He ran preſently to his Mother Queen *Haiatalnefous*'s Apartment with the Billet in his Hand; he would have ſhewn it to her, but ſhe did not give him Time, crying out, I know what you'd have with me; you are as impertinent as your Brother *Amgrad*: Be gone, and never come into my Preſence again.

Aſſad ſtood as one Thunder-ſtruck at theſe Words, of which he could not comprehend the Meaning: When he recollected himſelf, he was ſo tranſported with Rage, that he had like to have given very fatal Demonſtrations of his

Anger, but he contain'd himſelf, and withdrew without making any Reply, fearing, if he ſtay'd he might ſay ſomething or other unworthy the Greatneſs of his Soul. *Amgrad* had put the ſame Conſtraint on himſelf, and gueſſing his Mother's Carriage that ſhe was altogether as criminal as Queen *Haiatalnefous*, he went to his Brother, to chide him for not communicating that hated Secret to him, and to mingle his Sorrow with *Aſſad*'s.

The two Queens grew deſperate when they found ſo much Virtue in the two Princes; and inſtead of reforming themſelves by it, they renounc'd all Sentiments of Mothers and Nature, and conſpir'd together to deſtroy them: They made their Women believe the two Princes had attempted to raviſh them: They counterfeited the Matter to the Life by their Fears, Cries, and Curſes; and lay in the ſame Bed, as if the Reſiſtance they had made, had waſted them ſo much, that they were almoſt at Death's Door.

But, Sir, ſays *Scheherazade*, Day appears, and obliges me to ſay no more at this Time. She held her Tongue, and the next Night continu'd the Story in this Manner, addreſſing her ſelf to the Sultan of the *Indies*.

The Two Hundred and Twenty Ninth Night.

SIR, we left the two unnatural Queens Yeſterday, reſolving to deſtroy the two Princeſs their Sons: When *Camaralzaman* return'd to the Palace from hunting, he was very much ſurpriz'd to find them a-bed together, all in Tears, acting the Part of deſponding Ladies ſo well, that he was touch'd with Compaſſion: He ask'd them with Earneſtneſs what had happen'd to them?

At this Queſtion the diſſembling Queens wept and groan'd more bitterly than before; and after he had preſs'd them again and again to tell him, Queen *Badoura* at the laſt anſwer'd him thus, Sir, our Grief is ſo extraordinary, and ſo juſt, that we ought not to ſee the Light of the Sun, nor live a Day after the Violence that has been offerd us by the Princeſs your Sons: Their Brutality has been ſuch, that they enter'd into a horrid Deſign in your Abſence, and had the Boldneſs and Inſolence to make Attempts upon our Honour: Your Majeſty will excuſe us from ſaying any more; you may gueſs the reſt by our Affliction.

The King ſent for the two Princes, and had kill'd them both with his own Hand, if old King *Armanos* his Father-in-Law, who was by, had not held his Hand; Son, ſaid he, what are you going to do? Will you ſtain your Hands and your Palace with your own Blood? There are other Ways of puniſhing them, if they are really guilty.

He endeavour'd thus to appeaſe him, and deſir'd him to examine the Matter, and ſee whether they did indeed commit the Crime of which they were accuſed.

'Twas no hard Thing for *Camaralzaman* to be ſo much Maſter of himſelf, as not to butcher his own Children: He order'd them to be put under Arreſt, and ſent for an Emir call'd *Giendar*, whom he commanded to carry them out of the City, and put them to Death, as far off, as in what Place he pleaſed; but not to ſee him again unleſs he brought their Cloaths with him, as a Token of his having executed his Orders.

Giendar travell'd with them all Night, and early next Morning made 'em alight, telling them with Tears in his Eyes, the cruel Commands he had receiv'd; believe me, Princes, ſays he, 'tis next to Death to me to obey your Father, who choſe me to execute what he order'd concerning you; would to heaven I could avoid it. The Princes reply'd, do your Duty; we know well enough you are not the Cauſe of our Deaths, and pardon you freely for it.

Then they embrac'd, and bad each other adieu with ſo much Tenderneſs, that 'twas a long Time before they could leave one another's Arms. Prince *Aſſad* was the firſt who prepar'd himſelf for the fatal Stroke. Begin with me, *Giendar*, ſaid he, that I may not have the Trouble to ſee my dear Brother *Amgrad* die. *Amgrad* oppos'd him in it; and *Giendar* could not, without weeping more than before, be Witneſs of this Diſpute between them; which ſhew'd how perfect and ſincere their Friendſhip was.

They in the End thus determin'd the Conteſt, deſiring *Giendar* to tie them together, and put them in the moſt convenient Poſture for him to kill them both at one Blow. Don't refuſe two unfortunate Brothers the poor Comfort of dying together, ſaid the generous Princes; for all Things, even our Innocence, are in common between us.

Giendar agreed to it, and as they deſir'd, tyed them to each other, Breaſt to Breaſt, cloſe; and when he had plac'd them ſo as he thought he might ſtrike the Blow with the more Surety, to anſwer their Requeſt, and cut off their Heads at once; he ask'd them if they had any thing to command him before they dy'd.

We have only one Thing to deſire of you, reply'd the Princes, which is, to aſſure our Father at your Return that we are innocent, but do not charge him with our Deaths, knowing he is not well inform'd of the Truth of the Crime which we are accus'd of.

Giendar promis'd to do what they would have him, and drew his Sabre; his Horſe being ty'd to a Tree juſt by, ſtarted at the Sight of the Sabre, which glitter'd againſt the Sun, broke his Bridle, and ran away with all Speed into the Country.

Giendar ſet a great Price upon him, for 'twas a very good Horſe, and was beſides ſo richly harneſs'd, that the *Emir* could not well bear the Loſs of him. This Accident ſo troubled him, that inſtead of beheading the two Princes, he threw away his Sabre, and ran after his Horſe, to catch him again if he could.

The Horſe gallop'd on before him, and led him ſeveral Miles out of his Way into a Wood. *Giendar* follow'd him, and the Horſes neighing rouz'd a Lyon that was aſleep not far off. The Lyon ſtarted up, and inſtead of running after the Horſe, made directly towards *Giendar*, who thought no more of his Beaſt, but how to ſave his Life, and avoid the Lyon. He ran into the thickeſt of the Wood; the Lyon purſuing him with more eaſe than he took his Flight. Driven to this Extremity, he ſaid to himſelf, Heaven had not puniſh'd me in this Manner, but to ſhew the Innocence of the Princes whom I was commanded to put to Death, and now to my Misfortune, I have not my Sabre to defend myſelf.

Whilſt *Giendar* was gone, the two Princes were ſeiz'd with a violent Thirſt, occaſion'd by the Fear of Death, notwithſtanding their noble Reſolution to ſubmit to the King their Father's cruel Order.

Prince *Amgrad* ſhew'd the Prince his Brother a Fountain not far off. Ah! Brother, ſays *Aſſad*, we have ſo little while to live, what need have we to quench our Thirſt? We can bear it a few Minutes longer.

Amgrad taking no Notice of his Brother's Remonſtrance, unbound himſelf, and unbound his Brother whether he would or no. They went to the Fountain, and having refreſh'd themſelves, heard the roaring of the Lyon, that in purſuit of his Prey, was come to the End of the Wood near where the Princes were. They alſo heard *Giendar*'s dreadful cries: At which *Amgrad* took up *Giendar*'s Sabre which lay on the Ground, ſaying to *Aſſad*, Come Brother, let us go and help poor *Giendar*, perhaps we may come ſoon enough to deliver him from the Danger in which he now is.

The two Princes ran to the Wood, and enter'd it juſt as the Lyon was going to fall on *Giendar*. The Beaſt ſeeing Prince *Amgrad* advancing towards him, with the Sabre in his Hand, left his Prey, and came againſt him with Fury. The Prince met him intrepidly, and gave him a Blow ſo forcibly and dexterouſly, that it fell'd him dead to the Ground.

When *Giendar* ſaw the two Princes were the Men who ſav'd his Life, he threw himſelf at their Feet, and thank'd them for the great Obligation he had to them, in Words which ſufficiently ſhew'd his Gratitude. Princes, ſays he, riſing up and kiſſing their Hands, with Tears in his Eyes, God forbid that ever I ſhould attempt any thing againſt your Lives, after you have ſo obligingly and bravely ſav'd mine. It ſhall never be ſaid, that the Emir *Giendar* was guilty of ſuch a Piece of Ingratitude.

The Service we have done you, the Princeſs anſwer'd, ought not to hinder you to execute the Orders you have receiv'd: Let us catch your Horſe again, and then return to to the Place where you left us——They were at no great Trouble to take the Horſe, whoſe Mettle was come down a little, with running as he had done. When they had reſtor'd him to *Giendar*, and were near the Fountain, they begg'd of him, and argu'd with him to do as their Father had commanded him; but all to no Purpoſe. I only take the Liberty to deſire you, ſays *Giendar*, and I pray you not to deny me, that you will divide my Cloaths between you, and give me yours; and to go ſo far, that the King your Father may never hear a Word of you more.

The Princes were forc'd to comply with him: They each of them gave him his Cloaths, and cover'd themſelves with what he could ſpare of his. He alſo gave them all the Gold he had about him, and took his Leave of them.

When Emir *Giendar* parted from the Princes, he paſs'd through the Wood where *Amgrad* had kill'd the Lyon, in whoſe Blood he dipp'd their Cloaths; which having done, he proceeded in his Way to the capital City of the Iſle of *Ebene*.

At his Arrival there, King *Camaralzaman* ask'd if he had done what he order'd him. *Giendar* reply'd, See, Sir, the faithful Witneſſes of my Obedience; giving him at the ſame Time the Princes Cloaths.

How did they take the Puniſhment I commanded to be executed on them? *Giendar* anſwer'd, with wonderful Conſtancy, Sir, and a holy Reſignation to the Decrees of Heaven, which ſhewed how ſincerely they made Profeſſion of their Religion: But particularly they behaved themſelves with great Reſpect towards your Majeſty, and an entire Submiſſion to the Sentence of Death. We die innocent, ſaid they, however, we do not murmur? we take our Death as from the Hand of Heaven, and forgive our Father; for we know very well, he has not been rightly inform'd of the Truth.

Camaralzaman was ſenſibly touched at *Emir Giendar's* Relation, and putting his Hand in Prince *Amgrad's* Pocket, firſt found a Billet open, which he read. He no ſooner knew that Queen *Haiatalnefous* writ it, as well by a Lock of her Hair which was in it, as by her Hand-writing, but he froze with Horror: He then trembling, put his Hand in that of *Aſſad*, and finding there Queen *Badoura's* Billet, his Surprize was ſo great and ſo lively, that he ſwooned away.

The Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* perceiving, as ſhe ſpoke theſe Words, that Day began to dawn, ſhe gave over ſpeaking, and deferr'd the Continuance of the Story till the next Night; when ſhe reſum'd it in the following Manner, and ſaid to the Sultan of the *Indies*,

The Two Hundred and Thirty Night.

SIR, Never did Man grieve like *Camaralzaman*, as ſoon as he was recover'd from his ſwooning Fit: Barbarous Father, as thou art, cry'd he; what haſt thou done? Thou haſt murder'd thy own Children, thy innocent Children: Did not their Wiſdom, their Modeſty, their Obedience, their Submiſſion to thy Will in all Things, their Virtue, did not they all plead in their Behalf? Blind and inſenſible Father! doſt thou deſerve to live after the execrable Crime thou haſt committed? I have brought this Abomination on my own Head; and Heaven chaſtiſes me for not perſevering in the Averſion to Women, with which I was born. And, Oh ye deteſtable Wives! I will not, no, I will not, as you deſerve, waſh off the Guilt of your Sins with your Blood; ye are unworthy of my Rage: But Perdition ſeize me it ever I ſee you more.

King *Camaralzaman* was a Man of too much Religion to break his Vow: He commanded the two Queens to be lodg'd in ſeparate Apartments that very Day, where they were kept under ſtrong Guards; and he never ſaw them again as long as he liv'd.

While the King of the Iſle of *Ebene* afflicted himſelf for the Loſs of the Princes, his Sons, which he thought he had been the Author of by his too raſh condemning them; the Royal Youths wander'd thro' Deſarts, endeavouring to avoid all Places that were inhabited, and to meet any human Creature. They liv'd on Herbs and wild Fruits, and drank only ſtinking Rain-water, which they found in the Crevices of the Rocks. They ſlept and watch'd by Turns at Night, for fear of wild Beaſts.

When they had travell'd about a Month, they came to the Foot of an high Mountain, inacceſſible for the Craggedneſs of it, the Stones being black, and ſo rugged, that 'twas impoſſible to aſcend over them to the Summit of the Hill. They at laſt ſpy'd a ſort of a Path, but ſo narrow and difficult that they durſt not venture up it: This oblig'd them to go along by the Foot of the Mountain, in Hopes to find a more eaſy Way to reach the Top of it. They went about it five Days, but could ſee nothing like a Path; ſo they were forc'd to return to that which they had neglected.

glected. They ſtill thought it would be in vain for them to attempt going up by it: They deliberated what they ſhould do a long Time, and at laſt encouraging one another, reſolv'd to aſcend the Hill.

The more they advanc'd, they thought 'twas the higher, and the more ſteep, which made them think ſeveral Times of giving over their Enterprize. When the one was weary, the other ſtopt, and they took Breath together, ſometimes they were both ſo tir'd, that they wanted Strength to go farther: Then deſpairing of being able to reach the Top, they thought they muſt lie down and die of Fatigue and Wearineſs. A few Minutes after, when they found they recover'd a little Strength, they animated one another, and went on.

Notwithſtanding all their Endeavours and their Courage, they could not get to the Top that Day; Night came on, and Prince *Aſſad* was ſo tir'd, and ſo ſpent, that he ſtopt, and ſaid to Prince *Amgrad*, I can go no farther; I am juſt a dying. Stay as long as you will, reply'd Prince *Amgrad*, let us reſt ourſelves, and have a good Heart; 'tis but a little Way to the Top, and the Moon befriends us.

They reſted themſelves about half an Hour, and then *Aſſad* putting on Strength to it, once more aſcended what remain'd of the Way to the Mountain's Summit, where they both at laſt arriv'd, and lay down. *Amgrad* roſe firſt, and advancing, ſaw a Tree at a little Diſtance: He went to it, and found 'twas a Pomegranate Tree, with large Fruit upon it, and a Fountain at the Foot of it: He ran to his Brother *Aſſad*, to tell him the good News, and conduct him to the Tree, by the Fountain's Side. They refreſh'd themſelves there by eating each a Pomegranate; after which they fell aſleep.

When they awoke next Morning, Come Brother, ſays *Amgrad* to *Aſſad*, let's go on. I ſee the Mountain is eaſier to be travell'd over on this Side than the other, all our Way now is down Hill; but *Aſſad* was ſo tir'd with the laſt Day's Fatigue, that he wanted three or four Days Repoſe to recover himſelf.

They ſpent them as they had done many before, in diſcourſing on their Mother's inordinate Deſires, deploring their Misfortunes: But, ſaid they, ſince Heaven has ſo viſibly declar'd itſelf in our Favour, we ought to bear them with Patience, and comfort ourſelves with Hopes that we ſhall ſee an End of them.

At the End of three Days reſt, the two Brothers continu'd their Travels, and were five Days in deſcending it before they came into the Valley. They then diſcover'd a great City, at which they were very joyful: Brother, ſays *Amgrad* to *Aſſad*, are not you of my Opinion; which is, that you ſhould ſtay in ſome Place out of the City, where I may come to you again, while I go and learn the Language, and inform myſelf what the Name of the City is, in what Country we are; and when I come back I will bring Proviſions with me: 'Tis not convenient for us to go there together, there may be Danger in it, and ſo much Notice will not be taken of one Stranger as of two,

Brother, reply'd *Aſſad*, I approve of what you ſay; 'tis ſafe and prudent; but if one of us muſt part from the other on that Account, I will not ſuffer that it ſhall be you: You muſt allow me to go; for what a Trouble will it be to me, if any ill Accident ſhould happen to you.

Ah! but Brother, (*Amgrad* anſwered) the ſame ill Accident you fear for me, I am as much afraid of, for you: Pray let me go, and do you ſtay here with Patience. I'll never yield to it, ſaid *Aſſad*, if any Ill happen to me, 'twill be ſome Comfort to think you are ſafe. *Amgrad* was forc'd to ſubmit, and *Aſſad* going towards the City, he ſtaid in a Grove at the Foot of the Mountain.

Prince Aſſad *is ſtopp'd, as he was going to the City of the* Magicians.

PRINCE *Aſſad* took the Purſe of Money which *Amgrad* had in Charge, and went forward towards the City, He had not gone far in the firſt Street, before he met with a reverend old Man, with a Cane in his Hand; he was neatly dreſs'd, and the Prince took him for a Man of Note in the Place, who would not put a Trick upon him, ſo he accoſted him thus —— Pray, My Lord, which is the Way to the Market-place? The old man look'd on Prince *Aſſad*, ſmiling; Child, ſaid he, 'tis plain you are a Stranger, or you would not have ask'd that Queſtion of me.

Yes, my Lord, I am a Stranger, reply'd *Aſſad*. The old Man anſwer'd. You are welcome then; our Country will be honour'd by the Preſence of ſo handſome a young Man as you are: Tell me what Buſineſs you have at the Market-place.

My Lord, reply'd *Aſſad*, 'tis near two Months ſince my Brother and I parted from our own Country, a great Way from hence: We have not left off travelling ever ſince we ſet out firſt, and we arriv'd here but to Day; my Brother, tir'd with ſuch a long Journey, ſtays at the Foot of the Mountain, and I am come to buy ſome Proviſion for him and me.

Son, ſays the old Man, you could not have come in a better Time, and I am glad of it for you and your Brother's Sake: I made a Feaſt to day for ſome Friends of mine, and there's a great deal of Victuals left untouch'd; come along with me, you ſhall eat as much as you pleaſe; and when that's done, I'll give you enough to laſt your Brother and you ſeveral Days: Don't ſpend your Money when there's no occaſion for it; Travellers are always in want of it; while you are eating, I'll give you an Account of our City, which no Body can do better than my ſelf, who have born all the honourable Offices in it: 'Tis well for you that you happen'd to light upon me; for I muſt tell you, all our Citizens cannot ſo well help and inform you as I can; I can aſſure you ſome of them are very wicked. Come along, you ſhall ſee the Difference between a real honeſt Man, as I am; and ſuch as boaſt to be ſo, and are not.

I am infinitely oblig'd to you, reply'd *Aſſad*, for your good Will towards me; I put my ſelf intirely into your Hands, and am ready to go with you where you pleaſe.

The old Man laugh'd in his Sleeve to think he had got the Prince in his Clutches; he walk'd by the Side of him as cloſe as he could, and all the Way talk'd as civilly and plauſibly as he could, to preſerve the favourable Opinion *Aſſad* had of him. Among other Things, ſays he, it muſt be confeſs'd 'twas your good Fortune to meet with me, rather than with any other Man; I thank God I met with you; you'll know why I ſay it when you come to my Houſe——

Thither they came e'er it was long, and the old Man introduced *Aſſad* into a Hall, where were forty ſuch old Fellows as himſelf, who made a Circle round a flaming Fire which they adored. The Prince was not more ſeiz'd with Horror at the Sight of ſo many Men adoring the Creature for the Creator, than with Fear of finding himſelf betrayed, and in ſuch an abominable Place.

While *Aſſad* ſtood motionleſs with the Surprize in which he was, the old Cheat ſaluted the forty Grey-headed Men around the Fire. Devout Adorers of Fire, ſays he to them, this is a happy Day for us; where's *Gazban*? call him.

He ſpake theſe Words aloud, and a Negroe who waited at the lower End of the Hall, preſently came up to him. This Black was *Gazban*; who, as ſoon as he ſaw the diſconſolate *Aſſad*, imagin'd for what he was called. He ſeiz'd him immediately, and ty'd him Hand and Foot, with wonderful Nimbleneſs. Carry him down, ſaid the old Man, when you have done, and bid my Daughters, *Boſtama*, and *Cavama*, give him every Day the Baſtinado, with a little Bread, Morning and Night, for his Subſiſtence, juſt enough to keep him alive, till the next Ship departs for the *Blue Sea*, and the *Fiery Mountain*: He ſhall then be offer'd up an agreeable Sacrifice to our Divinity.

The Sultaneſs ſtopt here for that Time, being interrupted by the Approach of Morning; the next Night ſhe continu'd her Diſcourſe to the Sultan of the *Indies* as follows.

The Two Hundred and Thirty First Night.

SIR, As ſoon as the old Man had given the cruel Order I ſpoke of Yeſterday, *Gazban* bore Prince *Aſſad* into a Cellar under the Hall, through ſeveral dark Rooms, till they came to a Dungeon, down to which were twenty Steps, there he left him in Chains of prodigious Weight and Bigneſs. When he had done, he went to give the old Man's Daughters Notice of it; but he might have ſpar'd himſelf that Labour; for their Father had before ſent for them, and given them their Inſtructions himſelf; Daughters, ſaid he to them, go down and give the Muſſulman, I juſt now brought in, the Baſtinado, as you know how to do it: Don't ſpare him; you cannot ſhew your Zeal for our Divinity, and that you adore the Fire, any way better, than by your Severity to him.

Boſtama and *Cavama*, who were bred up in their Hatred to Muſſulmen, receiv'd this Order with Joy. They deſcended into the Dungeon that very Moment, ſtripp'd *Aſſad*, and baſtinado'd him unmercifully, till the Blood iſſu'd out of his Wounds, and he was almoſt dead. After this cruel Execution, they put a Piece of Bread and a Pot of Water by him, and retir'd.

Aſſad did not come to himſelf again in a long Time; when he did, he broke out into a Flood of Tears, deploring his Miſery. His Comfort however was, that this Misfortune had not happen'd to his Brother *Amgrad*.

The Prince waited for his Brother till Evening with Impatience; when 'twas two, three, and four of the Clock in the Morning, and *Aſſad* did not return, he was like one deſperate, Sorrow ſo violently poſſeſs'd him. He ſpent the Night in that diſmal Condition; and as ſoon as 'twas Day, went to the City. He admir'd, as ſoon as he enter'd it, to ſee but very few Muſſulmen. He accoſted the firſt he met, and ask'd him the Name of the Place. He was told, 'twas the City of the *Magicians*: So call'd, becauſe of the great number of *Magicians* that were there, who ador'd the Fire, and that there were but very few Muſſulmen. *Amgrad* then demanded how far 'twas to the Iſle of *Ebene*? He was anſwer'd, four Months Voyage by Sea, and a Year's Journey by Land. The Man he talk'd to, left him haſtily, having ſatisfy'd him as to thoſe two Queſtions, and went about his Buſineſs.

Amgrad, who was about ſix Weeks coming from the Iſle of *Ebene* with his Brother *Aſſad*, could not comprehend how they came to this City in ſo little a Time, unleſs 'twas by Enchantment, or that the Way croſs the Mountains was much ſhortened, and not frequented, becauſe of the Difficulty to paſs.

Going farther in the Town, he ſtopp'd at a Taylor's Shop, whom he knew to be a Muſſulman by his Habit, as he had known the Man he talk'd to before. Having ſaluted him, he ſat down, and told him the Occaſion of the Trouble he was in.

When Prince *Amgrad* had done talking, the Taylor reply'd, If your Brother has fall'n into the Hands of ſome Magician, depend upon it, you'll never ſee him more; he is loſt paſt all Recovery; and I adviſe you to comfort your ſelf as well as you can, and to beware of falling into the ſame Misfortune: To which End, if you will hearken to me, you ſhall ſtay at my Houſe, and I will tell you all the Tricks of theſe Magicians, that you may take care of your ſelf when you go out. *Amgrad* grievouſly afflicted for the Loſs of his Brother, accepted the Taylor's Offer, and thank'd him a thouſand Times for his Kindneſs to him.

The Story of Prince Amgrad, *and a Lady of the City of the Magicians.*

PRINCE *Amgrad* did not go out of the Taylor's Houſe in a Month's Time, except his Hoſt went with him. At laſt he ventur'd to go to the Baths. As he was returning home thro' a Street where there was no Body in it, but himſelf and a Lady, he was ſurpriz'd to find her come up to him, and pull up her Veil. The Lady ſeeing a handſome young Man, freſh come out of the Bath, ask'd him with a ſmiling Air, whither he was going? And ogled him all the while ſo amorouſly, that *Amgrad* could not reſiſt her Charms. Madam, ſays he, I am going to my own Houſe, or yours, as you pleaſe.

My Lord, reply'd the Lady, with an agreeable Smile, Ladies of my Quality never carry Men to their own Houſes; they always go to the Mens.

Amgrad was very much confounded at this Anſwer, which he did not expect: He durſt not venture to take her Home to his Landlord's, fearing the good Man would be ſcandaliz'd at it, and he ſhould have loſt his Protection, of which he ſtood in great need, conſidering he was in a Place where he muſt always be upon his Guard: He knew ſo little of it, that he could not tell where to carry her, and he did not care to loſe ſo happy a Minute. In this Uncertainty, he reſolv'd to throw himſelf upon Chance, and without making any Anſwer, he march'd before, and the Lady follow'd him. *Amgrad* led her from Street to Street, through Lanes and Allies, ſo long, that they were both weary with walking. At laſt they came to a Street, at the End of which was a great Gate, ſhut up; and they could go no farther; that Gate open'd to a Houſe which fronted the Street, and had a Seat on each Side of it. *Amgrad* ſat down on one of them, to take Breath; and the Lady, more weary than he, ſeated her ſelf down on the other.

When ſhe had taken her Seat, ſhe asked him whether that was his Houſe? Yes, Madam, ſays *Amgrad*; why don't you enter then? reply'd the Lady; what d'ye ſtay for? *Amgrad* anſwer'd, Fair Lady, I have not the Key of the Gate; I left it with my Slave, when I ſent him on an Errand, and he can't be come back yet; beſides, I order'd him to get ſomething good for Dinner; ſo that I am afraid we ſhall wait a long Time for him.

The Prince met with ſo many Difficulties in ſatisfying her Paſſion, that he began to repent he had undertaken it. He therefore contriv'd this Anſwer, in hopes that the Lady would out of Reſentment leave him, and ſeek out for a Lover elſewhere; but he was miſtaken.

This is a moſt impertinent Slave, ſays Madam, to make us ſtay ſo long. I'll chaſtiſe him my ſelf as he deſerves, if you don't, when he comes back: 'Tis not decent that I ſhould ſit here alone with a Man at a Gate. Saying this, ſhe aroſe, and took up a Stone to break the Lock, which was only of Wood, and weak, according to the Country Faſhion.

Amgrad did all he could to hinder her: What are you a doing, Madam, quoth the Prince? For Heaven's ſake ſtay a little! What are you afraid of, replies the Lady, is it not your Houſe? 'Tis no great Matter to break a Lock; a new one won't coſt much. The Lock ſhe accordingly broke; and aſſoon as the Door was open, enter'd the Houſe, and walk'd before him.

Amgrad gave himſelf over for a loſt Man, when he ſaw the Door forc'd open; he paus'd upon it, whether he ſhould go into the Houſe or not, or make off as faſt as he could, to avoid the Danger which he believ'd was inevitable; and he was going to fly when the Lady returned.

Seeing he did not enter; Why don't you come into your Houſe, ſays ſhe? The Prince anſwer'd, I am looking to ſee if my Slave is coming, fearing we have nothing ready. Come in, come in, ſays Madam, we had better wait for him within Doors than without.

Amgrad much againſt his Will followed her into the Houſe. Paſſing through a ſpacious Court, newly paved, they mounted by ſeveral Steps into Piazza's, which led to a large open Hall, very well furniſh'd, where he and the Lady ſaw a Table ready ſpread with all ſorts of delicate Diſhes, a Side-board heap'd with Fruit, and a Ciſtern full of Bottles of Wine.

When *Amgrad* ſaw every thing in ſuch Order, he doubted not but he was undone; the Quality of the Owner appearing by the Richneſs of the Feaſt. Poor *Amgrad*, ſaid he to himſelf, thou wilt ſoon follow thy dear Brother *Aſſad*.

On the contrary, the Lady was tranſported at the Sight, crying out, How, my Lord, did you fear there was nothing ready? You ſee your Slaves had done more than you expected: But if I am not miſtaken, theſe preparations were made for ſome other Lady, and not for me: No matter, let her come, I'll promiſe you I won't be jealous, I only beg the Favour of you, that you'll permit me to wait on her and you.

Amgrad, as much as he was troubled at this Accident, could not help laughing at the Lady's Pleaſantneſs; Madam, ſays he, thinking of ſomething elſe beſides what tormented him, there's nothing in what you fancy, this is my common Dinner, and no extraordinary Preparations I aſſure you. He could not bring himſelf to ſit down at a Table which was not prepar'd for him, ſo he took his Seat on a Sofa *, but the Lady would not let him alone; Come, Sir, ſays ſhe, you muſt be hungry after Bathing, let's eat and enjoy our ſelves.

Amgrad was forc'd to do what the Lady would have him: They both ſat down and fell to: The Lady having eat a Bit, took a Bottle and Glaſs, pour'd out ſome Wine, and drank to *Amgrad*, when ſhe had drank her ſelf ſhe fill'd another Glaſs, and gave it to *Amgrad*, who pledg'd her. The more the Prince thought of this Adventure, the more he was amaz'd that the Maſter of the Houſe did not appear; and that ſo rich a Houſe, and ſo well provided, ſhould be left without a Servant: 'Twill be lucky, ſaid he to himſelf, if the Man of the Houſe don't come till I am got clear of this Intrigue: While he was thinking of this, and ſome other troubleſome Thoughts, ſhe eat and drank heartily, and oblig'd him to do the ſame. They were almoſt come to the laſt Courſe when the Maſter of the Houſe arriv'd.

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* *A* Turkiſh *Bench, on which Mats and Cuſhions are put.*

It happen'd to be *Bahader*, Maſter of the Horſe to the King of the Magicians: This Houſe belong'd to him, but he commonly dwelt in another; and he ſeldom came here unleſs 'twas to regale himſelf with two or three choſen Friends. He always ſent Proviſions from his other Houſe on ſuch Occaſions, and had done ſo this Day by ſome of his Servants, who were juſt gone as the Lady and *Amgrad* enter'd it.

Bahader came, as he us'd to do, in Diſguiſe, and without Attendants, and a little before the Time appointed for his Friends coming: He was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee the Door of his Houſe broke open; he enter'd making no Noiſe, and hearing ſome Perſons talking and making merry in the Hall, he ſtole along under the Wall, and put his Head half way within the Door to ſee who they were.

Perceiving a young Gentleman and a young Lady eating at his Table, the Victuals that had been provided for his Friends and himſelf, and that there was no great Harm done, he reſolv'd to make a Jeſt on't.

The Lady's Back was a little turn'd from him, and ſhe did not ſee the Maſter of the Horſe, but *Amgrad* ſaw him immediately; he had then the Glaſs in his Hand, and was going to drink it off; He chang'd colour at the Sight of *Bahader*, who made a Sign to him not to ſay a Word, but to come and ſpeak with him.

Amgrad drank and roſe; Where are you going, ſays the Lady? The Prince anſwer'd, Pray Madam ſtay here a little, I ſhall be back again in a Minute, a ſmall Affair obliges me to go out at preſent. *Bahader* waited for him in the Piazza, and led him into the Court to talk to him without being heard by the Lady.

In ſaying theſe Words, *Scheherazade* perceiv'd the Sultan's Time of riſing was come, ſo ſhe gave over the Story till next Night, when ſhe reſum'd it, as follows.

The Two Hundred and Thirty Second Night.

SIR, when *Bahader* and Prince *Amgrad* were in the Court, *Bahader* demanded of the Prince, how the Lady came into his Houſe? And why they broke open his Door? My Lord, reply'd *Amgrad*, you may very reaſonably think me guilty of a very unwarrantable Action: But if you have Patience to hear me, I hope my Innocence will appear: He then told him in a few Words what had happen'd to him, without diſguiſing any Part of the Truth; and to convince him that he was not capable of being ſo criminal as he might think him, he told him plainly he was a Prince, and what was the Reaſon of his coming to the City of the Magicians.

Bahader, who naturally loved Strangers, was tranſported with an Opportunity of obliging one of *Amgrad*'s Rank and Quality: For by his Air, his Actions, his handſome Diſcourſe, and his noble Looks, he did not in the leaſt doubt of the Truth of what he ſaid. Prince, ſaid *Bahader*, I am very glad I can oblige you in ſo pleaſant an Adventure as this; and ſhall be ſo far from diſturbing the Feaſt, 'twill be a Pleaſure to me to contribute to your Satisfaction in any thing. Before I ſay any thing more on this Subject, I am glad it may lie in my Power to ſerve you; my Name is *Bahader*, I am Maſter of the Horſe to the King of the Magicians: I commonly dwell in another Houſe, which I have in this City, and come here ſometimes to have the more Liberty with my Friends, for I cannot be ſo free at Home among my Children and Domeſticks. You have made this Lady believe you have a Slave, tho' you have none; I'll be your Slave, and to ſpare your Excuſes repeat again, that it ſhall poſitively be ſo; you'll ſuddenly know my Reaſon for it. Go into your Place and continue to divert your ſelf; when I return again and come before you in a Slave's Habit, chide me for ſtaying ſo long, don't be afraid even to ſtrike me. I'll wait upon you all the while you are at the Table till Night; you ſhall lie here, and ſo ſhall the Lady, and to Morrow Morning you may ſend her Home with Honour. I ſhall afterwards endeavour to do you more important Services: Go, and loſe no Time; *Amgrad* would have made him an Anſwer, but the Maſter of the Horſe would not let him, forcing him to go to the Lady. He had ſcarce got into the Hall before *Bahader*'s Friends, whom he had invited, arriv'd; *Bahader* call'd them to him, and excus'd his not entertaining 'em that Day, telling 'em they wou'd approve of the Reaſon of it, when they knew it, which ſhould be in due Time: When they were gone he alſo went forth and dreſs'd himſelf in a Slave's Habit.

Prince *Amgrad* came to the Lady in a much better Humour than when he left her; finding the Houſe belong to a Man of ſo great Quality, who had received him ſo courteouſly. When he ſat down to the Table again, he ſaid, Madam, I beg a thouſand Pardons for my Rudeneſs; I was vex'd that my Slave ſhould tarry ſo long, the Raſcal ſhall pay for it when he comes: I'll teach him to make me ſtay ſo for him another Time.

Let not that trouble you, ſays the Lady, if he is guilty of any Faults, let him pay for't; don't think of him, we'll enjoy ourſelves without him, I'll warrant you ſo much.

They continu'd at the Table with the more Pleaſure, by how much *Amgrad* was under no Apprehenſions of the Conſequence of the Lady's Indiſcretion, who ought not to have broke open the Door, tho' it had been *Amgrad*'s own Houſe. The Prince was now as merry as the Lady: They drank and laugh'd, and drank again, till *Bahader* arriv'd diſguis'd like a Slave.

Bahader enter'd like a Slave, who fear'd his Maſter's Diſpleaſure for ſtaying out when he had Company with him; He fell down at his Feet, and kiſs'd the Ground to implore his Clemency; and when he had done, ſtood behind him with his Hands a croſs in Expectation of his Commands.

Sirrah, ſays *Amgrad*, with a fierce Tone, and a fiery Look? Is there ſuch a Slave as thou in all the World? Where have you been? What have you been doing that you came no ſooner?

My Lord, reply'd *Bahader*, I ask your Pardon, I was endeavouring to do as you order'd me, and could not diſpatch it before: Beſides I did not think you would come home ſo early.

You're a Raſcal, ſays *Amgrad*, and I ſhall bang your Sides for you, to teach you to lye, and to fail me another Time: He then roſe up, took a Stick and gave him two or three Blows with it, ſo lightly, that he hardly touch'd him; after which he ſat down to Table again.

The Lady was not ſatisfy'd with the Chaſtiſement he beſtow'd on him; ſo ſhe alſo roſe, took the Stick, and fell upon *Bahader* ſo unmercifully, that the Tears came into his Eyes. *Amgrad* offended at the Freedom ſhe took, and that ſhe ſhould uſe one of the King's chief Officers ſo ill, cry'd out, 'tis enough; ſhe ſtruck on, and he call'd to her in vain; let me alone with him, ſaid ſhe, I'll give him enough, and teach him to be abſent ſo long another Time; ſhe continu'd beating him till *Amgrad* roſe from the Table, and forc'd the Stick out of her Hand, which ſhe did not part without ſtruggling. When ſhe found ſhe could beat *Bahader* no longer, ſhe ſat down and rail'd at and curs'd him.

Bahader wip'd his Eyes, and ſtood behind his pretended Maſter to fill out Wine. When he ſaw they had done eating and drinking, he took away the Cloth, put every thing in it's Place; and Night coming on, lighted up the Lamps. As often as he came by her, the Lady mutter'd, and theatened him, and gave him abuſive Language, to *Amgrad's* great Diſliking, who would have hinder'd her, but he could not. When twas Time for 'em to go to Bed, *Bahader* prepar'd one for them, and withdrew into a Chamber overagainſt that where they were to lie, where he laid himſelf down, and 'twas not long before he fell a-ſleep, having been fatigu'd with his Beating. *Amgrad* and the Lady entertain'd one another a good half Hour afterwards, and the Lady wanted to go forth before ſhe went to Bed; paſſing thro' the Gallery that parted *Bahader's* Chamber from theirs, ſhe heard him ſnoar, and ſeeing a Sabre hanging up by him, ſhe turn'd back again, and ſaid to Prince *Amgrad*, Pray, my Lord, as you love me, do me one Favour: In what can I ſerve you, reply'd the Prince; the Lady anſwer'd, oblige me ſo far as take down your Sabre and cut off your Slave's Head with it. *Amgrad* was aſtoniſh'd at ſuch a Propoſal from a Lady, not doubting but 'twas the Wine ſhe had drank that mov'd it. Madam, ſays he, let my Slave alone, he is not worth your Notice, I have beat him, and you have beat him, 'tis ſufficient; I am very well ſatisfy'd with him, he don't uſe to be guilty of ſuch Faults.

That ſhan't do, reply'd the Lady, in violent Fury, the Rogue ſhall die; if not by your Hands, by mine. Saying this, ſhe ran and took down the Sabre from the Place where it hung, drew it out of the Scabbard, and was going to execute her wicked Deſign.

Amgrad to prevent her, took the Sabre out of her Hand, ſaying, you ſhall be ſatisfy'd, Madam, the Slave ſhall die, ſince you will have it ſo; but I ſhould be ſorry that any one, beſides my ſelf, ſhould kill him. When ſhe had given him the Sabre, Come, follow me, ſays he, make no Noiſe, for Fear we ſhould wake him: They went into *Bakader*'s Chamber, where *Amgrad*, inſtead of ſtriking him ſtruck at the Lady, and cut off her Head, which fell upon *Bahader*.

'Twas already Dawn of Day, and *Scheherazade* perceiving it, ſaid no more at that Time. The next Night ſhe reſum'd the Diſcourſe, and ſaid to the Sultan *Schahriar*,

The Two Hundred and Thirty Third Night.

SIR, if the Noiſe of the Blow which *Amgrad* gave the Lady, in cutting off her Head, had not wak'd *Bahader*, her Head falling upon him would have done it: He was amaz'd to ſee *Amgrad* with a Sabre all bloody, and the Lady lying headleſs on the Ground. The Prince told him what had paſt, and ending his Diſcourſe, ſaid, I had no other Way to hinder her killing you, but to take away her Life; ſhe was ſo tranſported with Fury againſt you. My Lord, reply'd *Bahader*, full of Gratitude, Perſons of your Rank, and ſo generous as you, are not capable of doing ſuch a wicked Action as ſhe deſir'd of you. You are my Deliverer, and I cannot enough thank you. After having embrac'd him, to ſhew him what a Senſe he had of his Obligations to him; he ſaid, we muſt carry this Corpſe out before 'tis quite Day; leave it to me, I'll do it. *Amgrad* would not agree to that, ſaying, he would carry it away himſelf. Since he had ſtruck the Blow; *Bahader* reply'd, you are a Stranger in this City, and will not come off ſo well as one who is acquainted here; I muſt do it, if for no other Reaſon, yet for both our Safeties, to prevent our being queſtion'd for her Death, ſtay you here, and if I don't come back again before Day, you may be ſure the Watch has taken me; and for Fear of the worſt, I will, by Writing, give this Houſe and Furniture for your Habitation, while you ſtay in this City.

When he had written, ſign'd and deliver'd the Paper to Prince *Amgrad*, he put the Lady's Body in a Bag, Head and all, heav'd it upon his Shoulders, and went out with it from one Street to another, taking the Way to the Sea-ſide; He had not gone far before he met with one of the Judges of the City, who was going the Rounds in Perſon, as was uſual for the chief Magiſtrates to do there. *Bahader* was ſtopp'd by the Judge's followers, who opening the Bag, found the Body of a murther'd Lady, bundled up with the Head. The Judge, who knew the Maſter of the Horſe, notwithſtanding his Diſguiſe, had him home to his Houſe, and not daring to put him to Death, without telling the King of it, becauſe of his Quality, he carry'd it to Court as ſoon as 'twas Day. As ſoon as the King had heard from the Judge what a foul Action he had been guilty of, as appear'd by the Circumſtances of the Matter, he fell upon the Maſter of the Horſe in theſe Words: 'Tis thus then, that thou murdereſt my Subjects to rob them, and then would'ſt throw their dead Bodies into the Sea to hide thy Villainy: Let us rid the World of him, go hang him up immediately.

As innocent as *Bahader* was, he took this Sentence of Death with all imaginable Reſignation, and ſaid not a Word to juſtify himſelf. The Judge carry'd him to his Houſe, and while the Gallows was preparing, he ſent a Cryer to publiſh throughout the City, that at Noon the Maſter of the Horſe was to be hanged for a Murder committed by him.

Prince *Amgrad*, who had in vain expected *Bahader*'s Return, was ſtruck into a terrible Conſternation when he heard the Cryer publiſh the approaching Execution of the Maſter of the Horſe. It, ſays he to himſelf, ſome body muſt die for the Death of ſuch a wicked Woman, 'tis I, and not *Bahader*, who ſhould ſuffer; I will never ſuffer an innocent Man to be puniſh'd for the Guilty; and without deliberating any more about it, he haſten'd to the Place of Execution, whither the People were running from all Parts.

When *Amgrad* ſaw the Judge bringing *Bahader* to the Gibbet, he went up to him, and ſaid, I am come to tell you, and to aſſure you, that the Maſter of the Horſe, whom you are leading to Execution, is wholly innocent of the Lady's Death; I am guilty of the Crime, if 'tis one, to have kill'd the moſt deteſtable of Women, who would have murder'd *Bahader*: So he told him the Thing as it had happen'd.

The Prince having informed the Judge how he met her coming out of the Bath; how ſhe was the Cauſe of going into the Maſter of the Horſe's Houſe of Pleaſure, and what had paſs'd to the Moment in which he was forc'd to cut off her Head, to ſave *Bahader*'s Life: The Judge order'd Execution to be ſtopp'd, and conducted *Amgrad* to the King, taking the Maſter of the Horſe with 'em.

The King had a Mind to hear the Story from *Amgrad* himſelf; and the Prince, the better to prove his own Innocence, and the Maſter of the Horſe's, took hold of that Opportunity to diſcover who he was, and what had driven him and his Brother *Aſſad* to that City, with all the Accidents that had befall'n 'em from their Departure. from the Capital of the Iſle of *Ebene* to that Time, in which he talked to him.

The Prince having done ſpeaking, the King ſaid to him, I rejoice that I have by this Means come to the Knowledge of you; I not only give you your own, and my Maſter of the Horſe's Life, whom I commend for his Civility to you, but I reſtore him to his Office; and as for you, Prince, I declare you my Grand-Vizier, to make amends for your Father's unjuſt Uſage of you, tho' 'tis alſo excuſable, and I permit you to employ all the Authority I now give you to find out Prince *Aſſad*

Prince *Amgrad* having thanked the King of the City and Country of the Magicians, for the Honour he had done him; and taking Poſſeſſion of his Office of Grand-Vizier, he order'd the Common Crier to promiſe a great Reward to any one who ſhould bring forth Prince *Aſſad*, or tell any Tidings of him; he ſent Men up and down the Country to the ſame Purpoſe; but notwithſtanding all his and their Diligence, they could hear no News of him.

The Sequel of the Story of Prince Aſſad.

A*SSAD* in the mean while continu'd in the Dungeon in Chains; *Boſtama* and *Cavama*, the cunning old Conjurer's Daughters, treating him daily with the ſame Cruelty and Inhumanity as at firſt.

The Solemn Feſtival of the *Adorers* of *Fire* approach'd; and a Ship was fitted out for the Fiery Mountain as uſual: The Captain's Name was *Behram*, a great Bigot to that Religion. He loaded it with proper Merchandiſe; and when 'twas ready to ſail, he put *Aſſad* in a Cheſt, which was half full of Goods, a few Crevices being left for him to breathe, enough to keep Life in him. This Cheſt was ſtowed in the Bottom of the Hold, for the greater Security.

Before the Ship ſail'd, the Grand Vizier *Amgrad*, *Aſſad's* Brother, who had been told that the *Adorers of Fire* us'd to ſacrifice a Muſſulman every Year on the Fiery Mountain, ſuſpected that *Aſſad* might have fallen into their Hands, and be deſign'd a Victim at that bloody Sacrifice; where he reſolv'd to ſearch the Ship in Perſon. He order'd all the Paſſengers and Seamen to be brought upon Deck, and commanded his Men to ſearch all over the Ship; which they did: And yet *Aſſad* could not be found, he was ſo well conceal'd.

When the Grand Vizier had done ſearching the Veſſel, ſhe ſail'd; and as ſoon as *Behram* was got out to Sea, he order'd Prince *Aſſad* to be taken out of the Cheſt, and fettered to ſecure him, fearing leſt he would fling himſelf into the Sea, ſince he knew he was going to be ſacrificed.

The Wind was favourable two or three Days, and then it turn'd contrary; after which there roſe a furious Storm; and the Veſſel was not only driven out of her Courſe, but neither *Behram* nor his Pilot knew where they were. They were afraid of ſplitting againſt the Rocks; for they diſcover'd Land, and a dreadful Shore before them. *Behram* ſaw he was driving into the Port and Capital of Queen *Margiana*; which was a great Mortification to him.

For Queen *Margiana* was a devout Profeſſor of the *Mahometan* Religion, and a mortal Enemy to the *Adorers of Fire*.

Fire. She baniſhed all of them out of her Dominions; and would not let any of their Ships touch at her Ports.

Behram now could not help it; the Tempeſt encreaſed, and he was forc'd to put into the Port of this Queen's capital City, or elſe he had been daſh'd in Pieces againſt the Rocks that lay off the Shore. In this Extremity he held Council with his Pilot and Seamen. My Lads, ſays he, you ſee to what a neceſſity we are reduc'd; we muſt chooſe one of theſe two Things, either reſolve to be ſwallow'd up by the Waves, or put into Queen *Margiana*'s Port, whoſe Hatred to all Perſons of our Religion you very well know: She'll certainly ſeize our Veſſel, and put us all to Death, without Mercy; I ſee but one likely Way to eſcape her; which is, to take off the Fetters from the Muſſulman we have aboard, and dreſs him like a Slave; when Queen *Margiana* commands me to come before her, and asks what Trade I uſe, I'll tell her I deal in Slaves; that I have ſold all I had, but one; whom I keep to be my Clerk, becauſe he can read and write; ſhe'll ſee him to be ſure, and he being handſome, and of her own Religion, will have pity on him; no doubt, ſhe'll then ask to buy him of me, and I refuſing, will not let us ſtay in her Port till the Weather is fair: If I ſell him to her, perhaps ſhe'll give us leave to tarry, and let us be well us'd.

If any of you have any thing elſe to propoſe, that will be of more Advantage to us, I am ready to hearken to it. The Pilot and Seamen applauded his Judgment, and agreed to follow his Advice.

The Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* was oblig'd to ſtop here, becauſe ſhe ſaw the Day appear: She continu'd her Story the Night following, addreſſing herſelf thus to the Sultan *Indies*;

The Two Hundred and Thirty Fourth Night.

SIR, *Behram* commanded Prince *Aſſad's* Chains to be taken off; and had him dreſs'd like a Slave very neatly, as became one who was to paſs for his Clerk, before the Queen of the Country. They had ſcarce Time to fit every thing for their Purpoſe, before the Ship drove into the Port, and they then dropp'd Anchor.

Queen *Margiana*'s Palace was ſo near the Sea-ſide, that her Garden extended down to the Shore. She ſaw the Ship ſail by, and ſent to the Captain to come to her, as ſoon as he had moor'd his Veſſel. She was walking in her Garden, and gave him to underſtand ſhe ſtay'd there expecting him.

Behram, who knew he ſhould be ſent for, landed with Prince *Aſſad*; whom he requir'd to confirm what he had ſaid of his being a Slave, and his Clerk. So he went to the Palace-Garden, and was introduc'd to the Queen. He threw himſelf at her Feet, and inform'd her of the Neceſſity he was in to put into her Port; that he dealt in Slaves, and had ſold all he had but one, which was *Aſſad* there preſent, whom he kept for his Clerk.

The Queen was taken with *Aſſad* from the Minute ſhe firſt ſaw him, and was extremely glad to hear he was a Slave; reſolving to buy him, coſt what it would. She ask'd *Aſſad* what was his Name.

Great Queen, reply'd *Aſſad*, with Tears in his Eyes, does your Majeſty ask what my Name was formerly, or what it is now? The Queen anſwer'd, Have you two Names then? 'Tis but too true, ſays *Aſſad*: I was once call'd *Aſſad* (the moſt Happy); and now my Name is *Motar* (devoted to be ſacrific'd).

Margiana not being able to find out the Depth of his Meaning by his Thought, his Condition of a Slave putting him upon myſterious Anſwers, ſhe perceiv'd he had a great deal of Wit. Since you are Clerk to the Captain, ſaid ſhe, no doubt you can write well; let me ſee your Hand.

Behram had furniſh'd *Aſſad* with Pen, Ink and Paper, as a Token of his Office, that the Queen might take him for what he deſign'd ſhe ſhould.

The Prince ſtepp'd a little aſide, and wrote as follows, ſuitable to his miſerable Circumſtances.

The blind Man avoids the Ditch into which the clear-ſighted falls. Fools advance themſelves to Honours by Diſcourſes, which ſignify nothing; while Men of Senſe and Eloquence live in Poverty and Contempt. The Muſſulman with all his Riches is miſerable. The Infidel triumphs; and we cannot hope Things will be otherwiſe:

The Almighty has decreed it ſhould be ſo; and his Will is not to be alter'd.

Aſſad preſented the Paper to Queen *Margiana*, who admir'd alike the Sententiouſneſs of the Thoughts, and the Goodneſs of the Writing. She needed no more to have her Heart ſet on fire, and to feel a ſincere Concern for his Misfortunes. She had no ſooner read it, but ſhe addreſs'd herſelf to *Behram*, ſaying, Do, which you will, either ſell me this Slave, or make a Preſent of him to me: Perhaps 'twill turn moſt to your Account to do the latter.

Behram anſwer'd inſolently, That he could neither give nor ſell him; that he wanted his Slave and would keep him.

Queen *Margiana* provoked at his Boldneſs, would not talk to him any more about it. She took the Prince by the Arm, and turn'd him before her to the Palace, ſending *Behram* word, that if he ſtay'd a Night in her Port, ſhe would confiſcate his Goods, and burn his Ship. So he was forc'd to go back to his Veſſel, and prepare her to put again to Sea, notwithſtanding the Tempeſt was not yet laid.

Queen *Margiana* commanded Supper to be got ready; and while 'twas providing, ſhe order'd *Aſſad* to be brought into her Apartment, where ſhe bad him ſit down. *Aſſad* would have excuſed himſelf; It does not belong to a Slave, ſaid he, to preſume to this Honour.

To a Slave, reply'd the Queen! You ſhall not be ſo long: Henceforward you are no more a Slave. Sit down near me, and tell the Story of your Life: For by what you wrote, and the Inſolence of that Slave-Merchant, I gueſs there is ſomething extraordinary in it.

Prince *Aſſad* obey'd her; and ſitting down, began thus, Mighty Queen, Your Majeſty is not miſtaken, in thinking there is ſomething extraordinary in the Story of my Life: 'Tis indeed more ſo than you can imagine. The Ills, the incredible Torments I have ſuffer'd, and the Death to which I was devoted, and from which I am deliver'd by your Generoſity, will ſhew, when I have related them, that my Obligation to you is infinite. But before I enter into the Particulars of my Miſeries, which will ſtrike Horror into the Hearts of all that hear it; to explain the Occaſion of them, I muſt trace the Matter a little higher, and begin with the Source of my Misfortunes.

This Preamble encreas'd Queen *Margiana*'s Curioſity. The Prince then told her of his Royal Birth; of his Brother *Amgrad*, and their mutual Friendſhip; of their Mothers Criminal Paſſion, which in a Night turn'd to inveterate Hatred, the Cauſe of all their Sufferings, of the King's Rage; how miraculouſly they ſav'd their Lives; how he loſt his Brother; how he had been impriſon'd, tortur'd, and was only ſent then to be ſacrificed on the Fiery Mountain.

When *Aſſad* had finiſhed his Diſcourſe, the Queen was more than ever enraged at the *Adorers of Fire*. Prince, ſaid ſhe, tho' I have always had an Averſion to the *Adorers of Fire*, yet I have had ſome Humanity for them till now: But after their barbarous Uſage of you, and their execrable Deſign to ſacriſice you, I will henceforward declare implacable War with them.

She would have ſaid more, but Supper being ſerv'd in, hinder'd her. She made Prince *Aſſad* ſit down at Table with her, being charm'd with his Beauty and Eloquence, and touched with a Paſſion which ſhe hop'd ſuddenly to have an Opportunity of letting him to ſee. Prince, ſaid ſhe, we muſt make you amends for ſo many Faſts and wretched Meals, which the pitileſs *Adorers of Fire* forc'd you to make; you will want to be nouriſh'd after ſuch Sufferings. With theſe and ſuch like Words ſhe began Supper; and order'd the Prince to be ply'd with Wine, to recover his Spirits; by which Means he drank more than he could well carry.

The Cloth being taken away, *Aſſad* wanting to go out, watched his Time when the Queen did not ſee him. He deſcended into a Court, and ſeeing the Garden-Door open, went into it; being tempted by the Pleaſantneſs of the Place, he walked there a while; at laſt he came to a Fountain, where he waſhed his Face and Hands to refreſh himſelf, and lying down on ſome Graſs-Plats around the Fountain, fell aſleep.

'Twas almoſt Night, and *Behram* fearing the Queen would do as ſhe threaten'd, had weigh'd Anchor and was under Sail, mightily troubled at the Loſs of *Aſſad*; by which he was diſappointed of a moſt acceptable Sacrifice:

He comforted himſelf as well as he could, with the Thoughts that the Storm was over, and that a Land-Breeze favour'd his getting off from that Coaſt. He was towed out of the Port, and as he was hoiſting up more Sail to haſten his Courſe, he remember'd he wanted ſome freſh Water; my Lads, ſays he to the Seamen, we muſt put to Shore again, and fill our Water-Casks. The Sailors excus'd themſelves, for that they did not know where to get Water. *Behram* had obſerv'd, while he was talking to the Queen in the Garden, that there was a Fountain at the End of it, near the Port: Go, ſays he, to ſuch a Place of the Palace-Garden: The Wall is not above Breaſt-high; you may eaſily get over; there's a Fountain, where you may fill all your Barrels, and hand them aboard without Difficulty.

The Sailors accordingly went aſhore at the Place he directed them to leaped over the Wall, fill'd their Barrels, and eaſily enough heaved them over alſo, when they returned to their Boat.

As they were filling their Casks, they perceived a Man ſleeping on the Graſs; he knew him to be *Aſſad*: They immediately divided themſelves; and while ſome of their Crew filled their Barrels, others ſurrounded *Aſſad*, and obſerv'd him, leſt he awak'd, and offer'd to run away.

He was faſt, and ſlept on, giving them Time to fill all their Casks; which, as ſoon as they had fill'd, they handed over the Wall to others of their Crew, who waited there to carry them aboard.

They afterwards ſeiz'd *Aſſad*; and bore him away, aſleep as he was. They got over the Wall into their Boat; and row'd to the Ship: When they came near her, they cry'd out, Captain, ſound your Trumpets, beat your Drums, we have brought you your Slave again.

Behram, who could not imagine how the Seamen could find and take him again, and did not ſee *Aſſad* in the Boat, it being Night; waited their coming on Board with Impatience, to ask what they meant by their Shouts; but ſeeing 'twas true, and that they had really got him, he could not contain himſelf ſo great was his Joy. He commanded him to be chain'd down again, not ſtaying to enquire how they came at him; and having hall'd the Boat on Board, ſet ſail for the fiery Mountain.

The Sultaneſs ended her Story here for that Night; and the next reſum'd it as follows.

The Two Hundred and Thirty Fifth Night.

SIR, I left off Yeſterday, where *Behram* had juſt retaken his Captive Prince *Aſſad*, and was making the beſt of his Way to the fiery Mountain, overjoy'd that he had his Victim again.

In the mean while Queen *Margiana* was in a dreadful Fright; ſhe did not much concern herſelf at firſt, when ſhe found Prince *Aſſad* was gone out, becauſe ſhe did not doubt but he would return in a little Time; when ſeveral Minutes, and then an Hour were paſt without hearing any thing of him, ſhe began to be uneaſy; ſhe commanded her Women to look for him; they ſearch'd all about without finding him; and Night coming, ſhe order'd 'em to ſearch again with Torches, which they did, and to as little Purpoſe.

Queen *Margiana* was ſo impatient and frighten'd, that ſhe went with Lights all over the Garden to ſeek for him herſelf; and paſſing by the Fountain, ſhe ſpy'd a Slipper, which ſhe took up, and knew it to be Prince *Aſſad*'s; her Women alſo ſaid that 'twas his; and the Water being ſpilt about the Ciſtern in which the Fountain play'd, made her believe that *Behram* had carry'd him off again. She ſent immediately to ſee if he was ſtill in the Port; and hearing he had ſet ſail a little before 'twas dark, that he ſtopp'd ſometime off the Shore, while he ſent his Boat for Water from the Fountain; ſhe doubted no longer of the Prince's ill Fortune; ſo ſhe commanded the Commadore of ten Men of War, who lay ready in the Port, to ſail, as Occaſion requir'd, and prepare to put to Sea; for ſhe would embark herſelf next Morning as ſoon as 'twas Day. The Commadore order'd the Captains and Subalterns, Seamen and Soldiers aboard, and was ready to ſail at the Time appointed; ſhe embark'd as ſhe ſaid ſhe would, and when the Squadron was at Sea, told the Commadore what was her Intention: Make all the ſail you can, ſaid ſhe, and give Chace to the Merchant-Man that ſail'd Yeſterday out of this Port: I give it to you to be plunder'd if you take it; if not, your Life ſhall anſwer it.

The ten Ships chaſed *Behram*'s two Days entire, and could not come near her: The third Day they got up with her, and encompaſſed her ſo about, that ſhe could not eſcape them.

As ſoon as cruel *Behram* ſpy'd the ten Men of War, he did not doubt but 'twas Queen *Margiana*'s Squadron in purſuit of him; and upon that, he order'd *Aſſad* to be baſtinado'd, which he did every Day, and had not miſs'd once treating them ſo barbarouſly ſince he left the Port of the City of the Magicians. On ſight of theſe Ships he us'd him more cruelly than before. He was very much puzzled what to do, when he found he was encompaſs'd about: To keep *Aſſad*, was to declare himſelf Guilty, to kill him was as dangerous, for he feared ſome Token or other of it might be ſeen; he therefore commanded him to be unfetter'd and brought up from the Bottom of the Hold where he lay. When he came before him, 'Tis thou, ſays he, that art the Cauſe of my being purſued, and upon that he flung him into the Sea.

Prince *Aſſad* knowing how to ſwim by the help of his Feet and Hands, got ſafe to Shore; the Waves aſſiſting him by the Art he had in making uſe of 'em. The firſt Thing he did after he landed, was to thank Heaven, who had deliver'd him from ſo great Danger, and once more reſcu'd him out of the Hands of the *Adorers of Fire*. He then ſtripp'd himſelf, and wringing the Water out of his Cloths, he ſpread them on a Rock, where, by the Heat of the Sun, and the Rock together, they ſoon dry'd. After which he lay down to reſt himſelf deploring his miſerable Condition, not knowing in what Country he was, nor where to turn himſelf. He refreſh'd himſelf as well as he could with wild Fruits, and fair Water, and then went on his Way, keeping as near the Sea-ſide as he could; at laſt he came to a ſort of a Path, which he followed, and travelled ten Days through a Country which was not inhabited, living ſtill on Herbs, Plants and Fruits. On the Eleventh Day he approached near a City, which he knew to be that of the Magicians, where he had been ſo ill us'd, and where his Brother *Amgrad* was Grand Vizier: He was very glad of it, reſolving not to come near any one of the *Adorers of Fire*; but only to converſe with Muſſulmen, for he remember'd he had ſeen ſome the firſt

Time he enter'd the Town. It being late, and he knowing the Shops were already ſhut, and few People in the Streets, he reſolved to ſtay in a Church-yard near the City, where there were ſeveral Tombs built in the Form of Mauſoleums: He found the Door of one of them open, he enter'd it, and deſign'd to paſs the Night there.

We muſt now return to *Behram*'s Ship, which was ſoon ſurrounded on all Sides by Queen *Margiana*'s Squadron, after he had thrown Prince *Aſſad* over-board: Queen *Margiana*'s Ship, in which ſhe was in Perſon, firſt boarded him, and *Behram* being in no Condition of Defence againſt ſo many, lowr'd his Sails as a Token of his yielding.

The Queen her ſelf came aboard him, and demanded of him where the Clerk was, whom he had the boldneſs to take away from her out of her very Palace. *Behram* reply'd, O! Queen, I ſwear before your Majeſty, he is not in my Ship; you will, by ſearching it, ſee my Innocence.

Margiana order'd the Ship to be ſearch'd as narrowly as poſſible, but ſhe could not find the Man whom ſhe ſo paſſionately long'd to recover, as well out of Love to him, as out of that Generoſity which was her diſtinguiſhing Character. She was going to kill *Behram* with her own Hand, which ſhe, however, did not, contenting her ſelf with ſeizing his Ship and Cargo, and turning him and his Men on Shore.

Behram and his Seamen arriv'd at the City of the *Magicians* the ſame Night that *Aſſad* did, ſtopp'd at the ſame Church-yard the City Gates being ſhut, intending to ſtay in ſome Tomb till the next Day, when they were open'd again.

As *Aſſad*'s ill Luck would have it, *Behram* light upon that in which the Prince was ſleeping, with his Head wrapt up in his Coat: *Aſſad* awoke at the Noiſe he made, and ask'd who's there.

Behram knew him again preſently, Hah, hah, ſays he, thou art the Man who haſt been my Ruin for ever; thou haſt eſcap'd being ſacrific'd this Year, but depend on't, thou ſhalt not eſcape the next; ſaying this, he flew upon him, clapt his Handkerchief in his Mouth, to prevent his making a Noiſe, and by the Help of his Seamen bound him.

The next Morning, as ſoon as the City Gates were open, *Behram* and his Men eaſily carry'd *Aſſad* to the old Man's Houſe, where he had been ſo inhumanly treated. 'Twas ſo early, that they met no Body in the Streets, and when they came to the old Man's Houſe, he was again thrown into the Dungeon. *Behram* acquainted the Wizard with the ſad Occaſion of his Return, and the ill Succeſs of his Voyage; the old Raſcal, upon this, commanded his two Furies, *Boſtama* and *Cavama*, to treat him more cruelly than before, if poſſible.

Aſſad was in a terrible Surprize to find himſelf in the Hands of his old Perſecutors, from whom he had ſuffer'd ſo much, and hop'd that he had been delivered: He bemoan'd the Rigour of his Deſtiny, and trembled when he ſaw *Boſtama* enter with a Cudgel, a Loaf, and a Pitcher of Water: He was almoſt dead at the Sight of that unmerciful Wretch, and the Thoughts of the daily Sufferings he was to endure for another Year; after which he was to die the moſt horrible Death.

At theſe Words the Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* ſaw the Day begin to appear, which interrupted her Story for the preſent. The next Night ſhe continu'd it, addreſſing her ſelf thus to the Sultan of the *Indies*,

The Two Hundred and Thirty Sixth Night.

SIR, *Boſtama* dealt not ſo inhumanly by Prince *Aſſad*, as ſhe had done on the firſt Day of his Confinement; his Cries, Complaints, and earneſt Prayers to her, to ſpare him, join'd with his Tears, were ſo moving, that *Boſtama* could not help being melted by them, and to weep as bitterly as himſelf: My Lord, ſaid ſhe, covering his Shoulders, which was always bare while he was under the *Baſtinado*, I ask a thouſand Pardons for my inhuman Treatment of you formerly, and for what you felt at this time; Till now I was afraid of diſobeying a Father, who is unjuſtly enraged againſt you, and reſolv'd on your Deſtruction; but at laſt I loath and abhor this Barbarity: Be comforted, your bad Days are over, I will endeavour to make amends for all my Crimes, the Enormity of which be convinced of, by my future good Uſage. You have hitherto look'd on me as an Infidel, you muſt henceforth believe me one of your own Religion, having been converted by a Slave, who is a Muſſulman. I hope your Leſſons will finiſh my converſion. To ſhew my good Intentions, I firſt beg Pardon of Heaven for my Sins, in dealing ſo cruelly by you, and I truſt that it will be put in my Power to ſet you entirely at Liberty.

The Prince was tranſported to hear her talk at that Rate: He thank'd the Almighty for the Change work'd upon her, and for touching the Heart of ſo barbarous a Creature: He alſo thank'd her for her good Diſpoſition towards him, and omitted no Arguments which he thought would have any Effect to confirm her in her new Religion. He told her, as a Sign of his Confidence in her, his whole Story, his high Birth and Adventures to that Time. When he began to believe ſhe was in Earneſt, he ask'd her how ſhe could hinder her Siſter *Cavama*'s treating him as barbarouſly as ſhe uſed to do. Let not that trouble you, reply'd *Boſtama*, I know how to order Matters, ſo as ſhe ſhall never come near you.

And as ſhe ſaid, ſhe every Day prevented her coming down into the Dungeon, where ſhe often viſited the Prince; inſtead of carrying him Bread and Water, ſhe brought him the beſt Wine, and the choiceſt Victuals ſhe could get, which was provided by her *Mahometan* Slaves. She eat with him her ſelf from Time to Time, and did her utmoſt to make him bear his Confiement the more eaſily.

A few Days afterwards, *Boſtama*, as ſhe ſtood at her Father's Door, heard the common Cryer making Proclamation, but ſhe could not hear what it was about, being too far off: He came up nearer her Father's Houſe when he had done, upon which ſhe withdrew into it, holding the Door half open, perceiving he marched before the Grand Vizier *Amgrad*, Brother to *Aſſad*; he was accompanied by ſeveral Officers, and ſeveral Attendants walking before and behind him.

The Cryer going a few Steps from the Houſe, repeated the Proclamation with a loud Voice, as follows, The moſt excellent and illuſtrious Lord the Grand Vizier is come in Perſon to ſeek for his dear Brother, from whom he was ſeparated about a Year ago; he is a young Man of ſuch a Make, if any one has him in keeping, or knows where he is, his Excellency commands, that they bring him forth, or give him Notice where he ſhall find him, promiſing a great Reward to the Perſon that ſhall ſo do: If any one conceals him, and it be found out, his Excellency declares, he or they ſhall be puniſh'd with Death, together with his or their Children, and all that belong to him, and his or their Houſe or Houſes be raz'd to the Ground. *Boſtama*, as ſoon as ſhe heard this, ſhut the Door as faſt as ſhe could, and ran to *Aſſad* in the Dungeon; Prince, ſaid ſhe with Joy, your Troubles are at an End, follow me, come immediately, and be free. She had taken off his Fetters ſeveral Days before: So the Prince follow'd her into the Street, where ſhe cry'd, There, there! and ſeem'd tranſported at what ſhe had done.

The Grand Vizier, who was not far from the Houſe, hearing her Clamours, return'd. *Aſſad* knew him to be his Brother, ran to him, and embrac'd him. *Amgrad*, who preſently ſaw 'twas his Brother *Aſſad*, return'd his Embrace with all poſſible Tenderneſs; made him mount one of his Officer's Horſes, who alighted for that purpoſe; and conducted him to the Palace, where he preſented him to the King, by whom he was advanc'd to the Poſt of a Vizier.

Boſtama would not return to her Father's Houſe, which was the next Day raz'd to the Ground, but kept Prince *Aſſad* in Sight; and for the Service ſhe had done him, was admitted into the Queen's Service.

The old Man her Father and *Behram* were brought before the King, who condem'd them, and all their Families to be beheaded. They threw themſelves at his Feet, and implor'd his Mercy. There's no Mercy for you to expect, ſays the King, unleſs you renounce your *adoring of Fire*, and profeſs the *Mahometan* Religion.

They accepted of the Conditions; and were pardoned at the Interceſſion of *Aſſad*, in Conſideration of *Boſtama*'s Friendſhip; for whoſe Sake *Cavama*'s Life, and the Lives of the reſt of their Families were ſaved.

Amgrad, to reward *Behram* for turning Muſſulman, and recompenſe him for his Loſſes, made him one of his Officers, and lodged him in his Houſe. *Behram* being informed of *Amgrad*, and his Brother *Aſſad*'s Story, propoſed to his Benefactor, to fit him a veſſel to convey them to their Father King *Camaralzaman*'s Court: For, ſays he, the

King muſt certainly have heard of your Innocence, and impatiently deſire to ſee you e'er this: Otherwiſe we can eaſily inform our ſelves of the Truth before we land; and if he is ſtill in the ſame Mind, you can but return hither.

The two Brothers liking the Propoſal, communicated it to the King of the City of the Magicians, who approved of it, and commanded a Ship to be equipped. *Behram* undertook the Employment chearfully; and being a Maſter of the Art of Navigation, and Maritime Affairs, he ſoon got in readineſs to ſail. The two Princes, when they underſtood the Ship was ready, waited upon the King one Morning to take their Leave of him. While they were reciprocally paſſing their Compliments on that Occaſion, they were interrupted by a great Noiſe and Tumult in the City: And preſently an Officer came to give them Notice, that a numerous Army was advancing againſt the City; no body knowing who they were, and whence they came.

The King being mightily alarm'd at the News, *Amgrad* addreſs'd himſelf thus; Sir, tho' I am come to reſign into your Majeſty's Hands the Dignity of your firſt Miniſter, with which you are pleas'd to honour me; I am however ready to do you all the Service that lies in my Power: I deſire therefore that you will be pleaſed to let me go and ſee who this Enemy is, that comes to attack you in your capital City, without having firſt declar'd War.

The King pray'd him to do ſo, and parted from him immediately, with a very ſmall Retinue, to ſee what Enemy approach'd, and what was the Reaſon of their coming.

'Twas not long before *Amgrad* deſcry'd the Army, which approach'd nearer and nearer: The forlorn receiv'd him favourably, and conducted him to a Princeſs, who ſtopp'd her ſelf, and commanded her Army to halt, while ſhe diſcours'd with the Prince; who bowing profoundly to her, demanded if ſhe came as a Friend or an Enemy: If as an Enemy, what Cauſe of Complaint ſhe had againſt the King his Maſter.

I am come as a Friend, reply'd the Princeſs, and have nothing to complain of againſt the King of the City of the Magicians: His Territories and mine are ſo ſituated, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible for our Subjects to quarrel with one another; or we our ſelves to have any Diſputes: I only come to require a Slave nam'd *Aſſad*, to be deliver'd up to me. He was carry'd away by one *Behram*, a Captain of a Ship, the moſt inſolent Man in the World. I hope your King will do me Juſtice, eſpecially when he knows I am *Margiana*.

The Prince anſwer'd, Mighty Queen, The Slave whom you take ſo much Pains to ſeek for is my Brother: I loſt him, and have found him again. Come, Madam, I will deliver him up to you my ſelf; and will do my ſelf the Honour to tell you the reſt of the Story, as we go to the King my Maſter's Palace, who will rejoyce to ſee you.

The Queen ordered her Army to pitch their Tents, and encamp where they were; and accompany'd Prince *Amgrad* to the City and Palace-Royal, where he preſented her to the King; who receiv'd her as became his Dignity, and hers. *Aſſad* who was preſent, and knew her as ſoon as he ſaw her; alſo pay'd his Duty to her. She ſhew'd all the Marks of tranſporting Joy at the Sight of him: And while they were thus buſied, News came, that an Army, more powerful than the former, approach'd on another Side of the City.

The King of the Magicians was more frighten'd than before, underſtanding the ſecond Army was more numerous than the firſt, for the Duſt they made, rais'd Clouds in the Air, which hid the Face of the Heavens. *Amgrad*, cry'd he, what ſhall we do now? A new Army comes to deſtroy us.

Amgrad gueſs'd what the King would have of him; ſo he mounted on Horſe-back again, and gallopp'd towards this ſecond Army; He demanded of the advanc'd Guards to ſpeak with their General: They conducted him to a King, for ſuch he was, he ſaw by the Crown on his Head. When he drew near him, he threw himſelf to the Ground, and ask'd what he would have of the King his Maſter,

The Monarch reply'd, I am *Gaiour*, King of *China*, my Deſire to learn ſome Tidings of a Daughter, whoſe Name is *Badoura*, whom I married to *Camaralzaman*, Son of *Schazaman*, King of the Iſles of the Children of *Khaledan*, oblig'd me to leave my Dominions. I ſuffer'd that Prince to go ſee his Father King *Schazaman*, on Condition he came back in a Year with my Daughter; ſo long I have waited, and have heard nothing of them. Your King will lay an infinite Obligation on an afflicted Father, to tell him, if he knows what is become of them.

Prince *Amgrad* perceiving by his Diſcourſe that the King was his Grandfather, kiſs'd his Hand with Tenderneſs and anſwer'd him thus, Sir, I hope your Majeſty will pardon my Freedom, when you know that I take it only to pay my Duty to my Grandfather; I am the Son of *Camaralzaman*, King of the Iſle of *Ebene*, and of Queen *Badoura*, for whom you are thus troubled; and I doubt not but they are both in good Health in their Kingdom.

The King of *China*, overjoy'd to ſee his Grandſon, embrac'd him with extraordinary Affection: Such a Meeting, ſo happy and unexpected, drew Tears from both of them. The King enquiring on what Occaſion he came into a ſtrange Country, the Prince told him all that had happen'd to him and his Brother *Aſſad*: When he had ended his Relation, My Son, reply'd the King of *China*, 'tis not juſt that ſuch innocent Princes as you are, ſhould be longer ill us'd: Comfort yourſelf, I'll carry you and your Brother Home, and make your Peace. Return, and acquaint your Brother with my Arrival.

While the King of *China* encamp'd in the ſame Place where Prince *Amgrad* met him, that Prince return'd to let the *Magicians* who waited for him impatiently, know how he had ſucceeded.

The King was amaz'd, that ſo mighty a King as he of *China*, ſhould undertake ſuch a long and troubleſome Journey out of a Deſire to ſee his Daughter; and ſeeing he was ſo near his Capitol, he gave Orders to make Things ready for his Reception, and went forth to meet him.

While theſe Things were tranſacting, a great Duſt was ſeen from another Quarter of the Town: And ſuddenly News came of the Arrival of a third Army, which oblig'd the King to ſtop, and to deſire Prince *Amgrad* once more to ſee who they were, and on what Account they came.

Amgrad went accordingly, and Prince *Aſſad* accompany'd him. They found 'twas *Camaralzaman*, their

Father's Army; with whom he was coming to ſeek for them. He was ſo griev'd for the Loſs of his Sons, that at laſt Emir *Giendar* declar'd how he had ſav'd their Lives, and towards that Country they travelled.

This ſad Father embrac'd the two Princes with Floods of joyous Tears, which put an end to thoſe he had a long Time ſhed for grief. The Princes had noſooner told him the King of *China*, his Father-in-Law was arriv'd, but he detatch'd himſelf from the Grand Army, and with a ſmall Party, among whom were his two Sons, rode to wait upon him in his Camp. They had not gone far, before they ſaw a fourth Army, advancing in a fair Array; which ſeem'd to come from *Perſia* Side.

Camaralzaman bad the two Princes go and ſee what Army it was, and he would in the mean while ſtay for them. They departed immediately, and coming up to it, was preſented to the King; of whom they demanded, having ſaluted him with due Reverence, on what Deſign he approach'd ſo near the King of the Magicians Capital. The Grand Vizier who was preſent, anſwer'd in the Name of the King his Maſter, The Monarch to whom you ſpeak is *Schahzaman*, King of the Iſles of the Children of *Khaledan*; who has a long time travell'd thus attended, to ſeek his Son Prince *Camaralzaman*, who left his Dominions many Years ago; If you know any thing of him, you can't oblige him more than to acquaint him with it.

The Princes only reply'd, that they would bring him an Anſwer in a little time, and gallopping back as faſt as they could, told *Camaralzaman*, 'twas King *Schahzaman*'s Army, and that his Father was with it in Perſon.

Wonder, Suprize, Joy and Grief, to have left the King his Father, without taking Leave of him, had ſuch an Effect on King *Camaralzaman*, that he fell into a Swoon, as ſoon as he heard he was ſo near, Prince *Amgrad* and Prince *Aſſad* ſo labour'd to recover him, that at laſt he came to himſelf; and when he was in a Condition to ride to his Father's Tent, threw himſelf at his Feet.

Never was there a more moving Interview: *Schahzaman* kindly complain'd of *Camaralzaman*'s Unkindneſs in ſo cruelly leaving him; and *Camaralzaman* diſcover'd a hearty Sorrow for the Fault he had commited.

The three Kings and Queen *Margiana* ſtay'd three Days at the Court of the King of the Magicians, who treated them magnificently. Thoſe three Days were render'd the more remarkable by Prince *Aſſad*'s Marriage with Queen *Margiana*, and Prince *Amgrad* with *Boſtama*, for the Service ſhe had done his Brother *Aſſad*.

At laſt the three Kings, and Queen *Margiana*, with her Husband Prince *Aſſad*, went to their ſeveral Kingdoms. As for *Amgrad*, the King of the Magicians had ſuch a Love for him, he would not part with him; and being very old, he reſign'd his Crown to him. King *Amgrad*, when he had the Supream Authority, did his utmoſt to exterminate the Worſhip of Fire, and eſtabliſh the *Mahometan* Religion throughout all his Territories.

The End of the Sixth Volume.

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